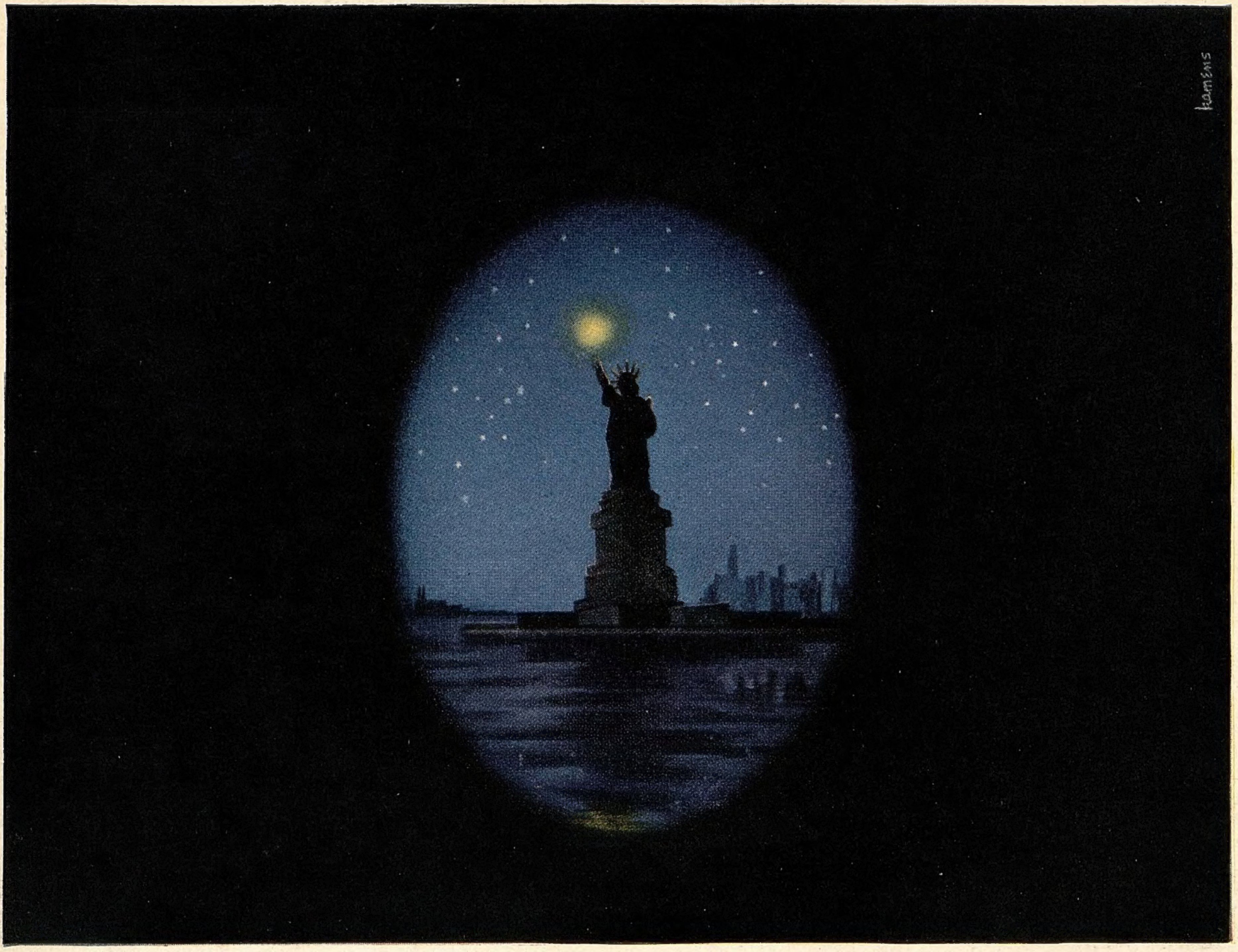
Liberty

JULY 11, 1942 10¢

"UNITED WE STAND"

OW WE CAN LICK THE U-BOAT MENACE



TOTAL BLACKOUT? NEVER!

WE'LL PUT OUT OUR LIGHTS when (and if) the bombers come—and they'll see *how well* we can take it! *And give it back!*

But no matter how many house lights—street lights—factory lights—or harbor lights we do put out, it'll never be a *total* blackout!

Because *the* light of Liberty will burn—in the minds of a machine-gunner in the far-away Pacific...in the eyes of an air raid warden making the last round on his patrol... in the hands of a welder slapping the last plate on a Liberty hull...in the heart of a mother who's keeping her family strong and healthy, and ready for all emergencies.

Yes, *that* Light has a meaning to all of us Americans. *It means America!*

America and the right to speak out . . . America and the right to work where we want . . . America and the right to worship God as we please . . . America and the right to say who shall lead us . . . America and the right of the little fellow.

That Light, Hitler nor Hirohito, nor any aggressor, will ever put out!

Let's keep that Light of Liberty burning . . . Let's keep reminding ourselves and our neighbors that we all want it lit—now and forevermore . . . Let's tell off the rumor-monger. Put the appeaser in his place. Slap down the slacker with truth and common sense . . . Let's pay those heavy taxes without squawking. Let's walk to work and like it. Let's buy war bonds and stamps, remembering that every stamp means a black eye to Hitler, every bond a nail in Hirohito's coffin . . . Let's give up sugar. Park the car in the garage, if necessary.

Let's do *without* so that this country can do *with!*

Free To Businessmen: Counter or window display cut-outs of Statue of Liberty in full color—18" tall—carries the legend "We Are Making *Winning the War* OUR JOB." . . . You get the cut-out displays FREE OF CHARGE—pay shipping costs only. Order Liberty Emblems for your employees to wear—sold at cost price in quantity lots. Write today for full details on your business stationery.

Wherever you see the Liberty Emblem—in a coat lapel, on a counter or in a store window, you will know that an American is saying:

"I Am Making Winning the War MY Job"

Actual Size

WEAR THIS EMBLEM AS A SYMBOL OF YOUR BELIEF

Sponsored by, with no profit to, Liberty Magazine. 24 kt. gold plate. Baked enamel colors. Send for your Emblem of Liberty today. Dept. Y, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

Send me________________Emblems of Liberty @ 25¢ each—postage included.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS__________________________

CITY________________STATE__________

ORDER YOUR EMBLEM OF LIBERTY TODAY

7/11

It's the patriotic gesture now!

Recognize these folks? They're the people next door, and your friends up the street.

They're here to remind you that riding around with empty seats is a peacetime luxury. And this is war! Sure . . . you've heard "this is war" a thousand times. But do you really *know* what it means? It means *more* than sugar and gas rationing.

Do you know that even our Army is finding ways to do its job with less rubber? Do you know that combat tires are being reduced in rubber content to the very minimum?

Makes you think a little, doesn't it? Makes you ashamed of scuffing away what little we have left, by speeding, swerving corners, slamming brakes, and needless trips. Makes you *want* to fill those extra seats . . . or thumb a ride yourself!

And don't kid yourself into thinking this thing is temporary! Or that synthetic rubber is going to take care of you.

Over two years ago we at B. F. Goodrich were *first* to sell tires made with synthetic rubber to the American public. Because of this leadership, we know as much about synthetic rubber as anyone else in the country. And *we're* walking, or taking buses, or doubling up—right here in Akron.

It's *true* hundreds of people and companies bought our synthetic rubber tires. It's *true* the performance of these tires under all sorts of road and driving conditions all over the country proved them equal to those of natural rubber.

But that doesn't add up to tires for *you*—or for us. Not while our Army and our Navy are short of rubber! Not while our armed forces need every ounce of crude rubber that can be obtained—every pound of synthetic that can be produced.

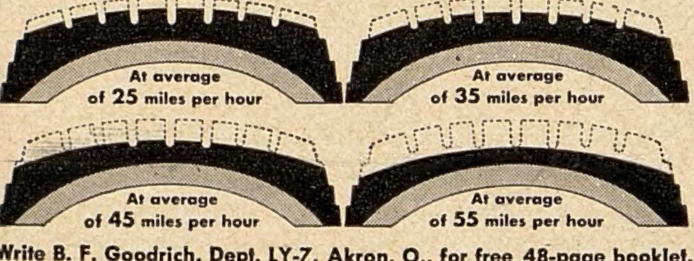
This war is different . . . we're *all* in it. And the sooner we all know it, the better. We expect to be selling you Silvertown Tires again. We intend to keep them the best on the road.

But right now there's a bigger job to do. We're not going to shirk it, and we know you're not!

IMPORTANT! *America right now needs scrap rubber of all kinds . . . your old tires, old rubbers, old boots. Turn them over to the scrap collection agencies.*

HOW SPEED WEARS OUT YOUR TIRES

DOTTED LINES SHOW RELATIVE AMOUNT OF RUBBER WORN OFF
WITH ALL TIRES DRIVEN SAME DISTANCE


At average of 25 miles per hour
At average of 35 miles per hour
At average of 45 miles per hour
At average of 55 miles per hour

Write B. F. Goodrich, Dept. LY-7, Akron, O., for free 48-page booklet, "Will America Have to Jack Up its 29,000,000 Automobiles?"

In war or peace
B.F.Goodrich
FIRST* IN RUBBER
Goodrich Silvertown

*And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.

The Brautigam Twins
of Des Plaines, Illinois

"TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU, I'M CHARLOTTE!"

"AND I'M BEVERLY... BUT OUR FRIENDS USUALLY THINK TWICE BEFORE CALLING US BY NAME."

Brautigam twins offer attractive proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

"I guess the first time in our lives we were really different was when Beverly and I made the tooth powder test. Naturally, as twins, we not only look alike ... we usually do everything alike. But in the test, I used Pepsodent. Beverly used another leading brand. From then on, there was a big difference between us!"

"No test could have been fairer. But at first I thought maybe I just imagined my teeth were *twice as bright*. However, when a friend of mine asked me what made my teeth shine so, I was really convinced! Did I give *him* a selling on Pepsodent! The proof is so definite we'd never think of going back to any other brand!"

"We're a trio from now on! A pair of twins and Pepsodent!"

BRAUTIGAM TWINS TEST AND CONFIRM THIS FACT:

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT... BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE **TWICE AS BRIGHT** AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER

For the safety of your smile ... use Pepsodent twice a day ... see your dentist twice a year.

THIS WEEK

JULY 11, 1942

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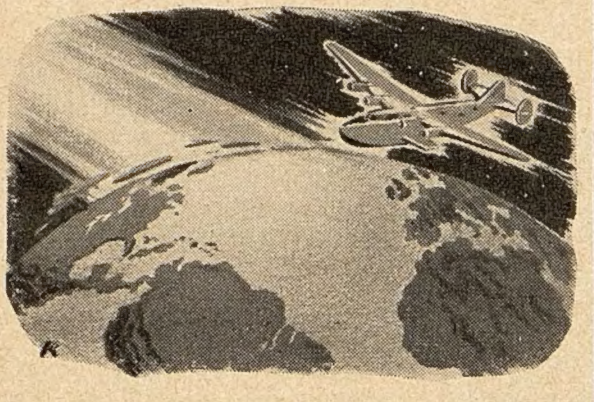
NEXT WEEK

JULY 18, 1942

33,000 MILES OF WAR

Raymond Clapper, famous Washington reporter and analyst, flew across half the world recently to get firsthand news of the war—not of battles, but of backgrounds and strategy, of generals and governmental leaders: the men who shape the course of things today. What he saw and heard is far more than he could reveal in his newspaper dispatches. He tells it all in a remarkable series which we begin next week. Africa, China, India—great men and a great reporter—give you a memorable and enlightening survey of what this far-flung conflict really means.



CARY GRANT WOULD RATHER BE A HEEL THAN A HERO

Seems a startling statement, but that's how things sometimes are in Hollywood. Frederick Van Ryn will explain, to your pleased and maybe surprised satisfaction, in a sparkling piece about this admirable and debonair young man of the movies.

I LIKE BIG BUSINESS! SAYS THURMAN ARNOLD

Again a surprise. Coming from the trust-busting Assistant Attorney General of the United States, it sounds like a paradox. He states his case and makes his position clear in one of the most arresting and important articles he has written.

ALSO NEXT WEEK: An authoritative report on our Army's health, by Morris Markey, offers facts of vital importance to every American; Golf Champion Betty Hicks speaks her mind about her experience with the game in one of the best sport articles of the year; Brooke Hanlon, Frank Gruber, and others contribute fine fiction. And there's enough more to make this one an issue you can't afford to miss.

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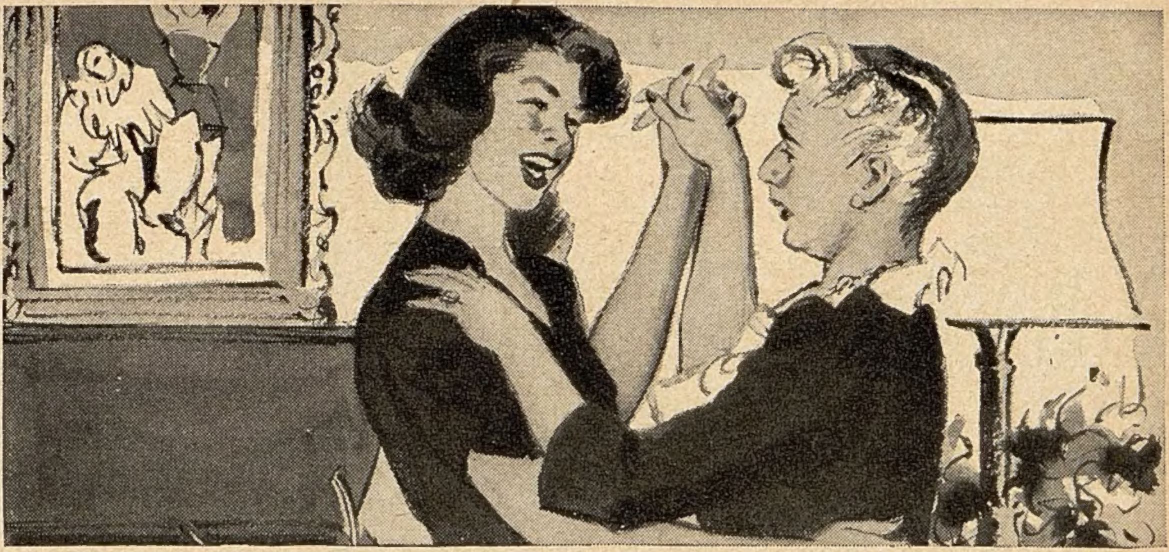
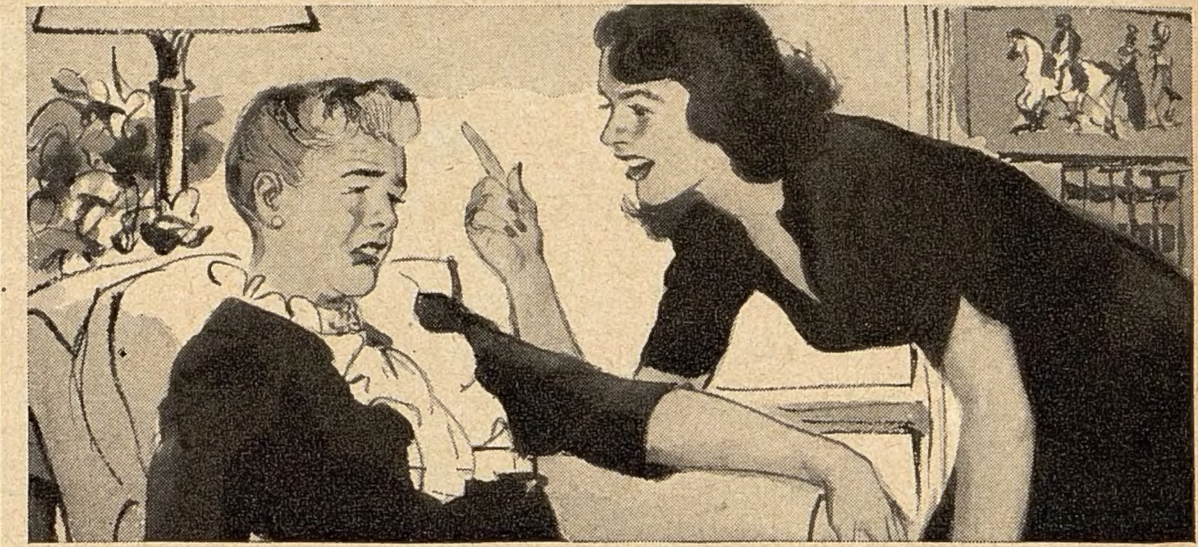
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy



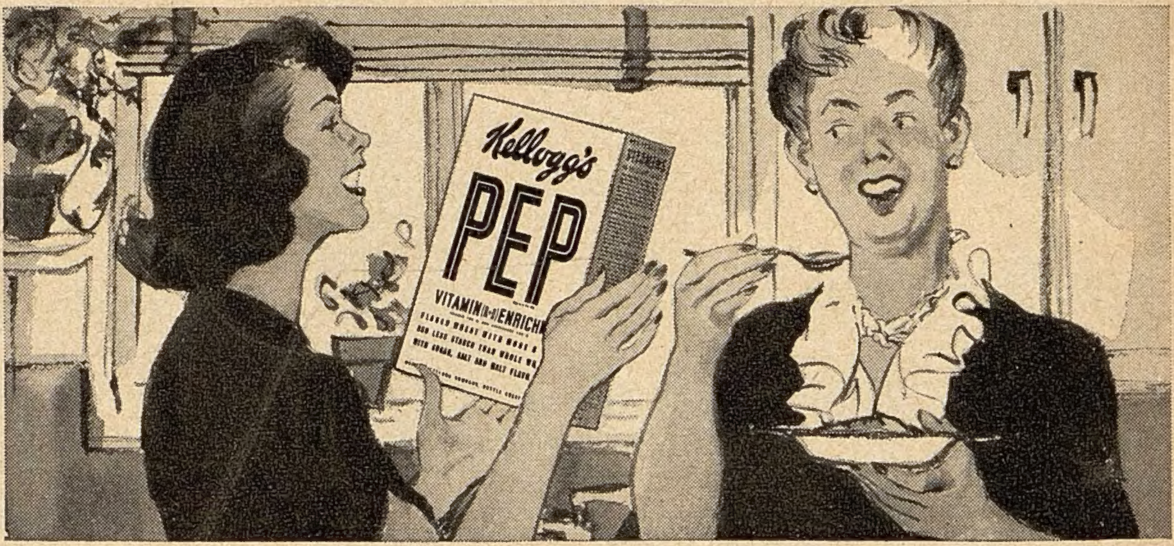
Jennie: Ta! da-da-da! Loosen up the hips, Auntie! And get a little sparkle in your eye! The rhumba is supposed to be fun.

Auntie Mae: Oh, dear! I know I'll never master it!



Auntie Mae: It's no use, Jennie! Even if Mr. Brown *does* love to dance, I'll never be able to do the rhumba.

Jennie: Fiddlesticks, Auntie, all you lack is a little *pep appeal.* And that reminds me. I'll bet you're not eating right, not getting all your vitamins. You can't have pep without vitamins, you know. Come down to the pantry and we'll make a start right now.



Jennie: And now, Auntie, right in this scrumptious cereal are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D. Yessir, right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat.

Auntie Mae: Hey! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I may wind up doing the rhumba yet.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

WE, THE PEOPLE
Liberty
JULY 11, 1942

"War profiteers grab million

AGAIN WE HAVE THE IMPLICATION of news and headlines that the business men of America are a bunch of racketeers, that they are out to gouge everything they can from government, from labor, and even from the carefully planned pocketbooks of the white-collar world. It is even worse than that; for all over this country the news is also running that big business is fighting little business, that big manufacturers won't subcontract to small manufacturers, that the top-flight gang is out to grab it all and let the little fellow go by the board.

Again, if We, the People, actually believed that the whole vital war production schedule of this country were in the hands of a greedy, grasping handful of rapacious profiteers, we would not have much courage to go on. But We, the People, happen to know that this is not true, that it cannot be true, and that we are pinning our faith on the production world in spite of this vicious spattering of sullying news.

★ ★ ★

As a matter of cold, hard fact, there haven't been a handful of real profiteers in this whole production set-up. And what is being done is to take this meager handful and, with wide strokes and sweeping gestures, use them to tar the whole business fabric of America.

In the interests of national unity this is the next canard that must be stopped, and stopped quickly.

Anybody but an utter fool among the business men of this country would know that we are facing the last stronghold of our economic system right here and now; that we are either going to win this war or there is not going to be any free industry on this continent. The last great German economic royalist who believed otherwise went over the bridge into Switzerland over a year ago.

But while business knows this, while every man in war production is working with all his powers, we still have not achieved the national unity of spirit that must come about, and come about fast, if we are going to get over this most vital crisis in our history.

"The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time"

THOMAS JEFFERSON

LET'S FIGHT WITH OUR LIVES TO RETAIN IT

at contracts to big business...small business starves"

NOW, why have all these brickbats been thrown at the business world, and why have they been so vigorously hurled back?

There is a touch of grim humor in the answer—which may lighten this page. Business, as we all know, has been pounded pretty hard for quite a long number of years. It has felt that government was against it, that labor was against it. And it got pretty low in its health as well as in its mind.

So one thinks naturally of the old story of the Irishman who was dying, and of his enemies who came in and asked to be forgiven. One after the other they leaned over his bed and said, "Pat, now that you're dyin', will you forgive us?"

Pat, in a weak voice, said, "Yes, I'll forgive you." Then, suddenly leaning up on one elbow, he shouted:

"But, remember, if I git well, this doesn't go!"

So business, perhaps quite unconsciously, has been leaning up on one elbow and murmuring, "But, remember, if I git well . . ."

★ ★ ★

IT should be of more than passing importance for the business men of this country to know that if business don't git well, government won't git well, labor won't git well, this nation won't git well, and the world won't git well. For, strange as it may seem, out of the pattern of modern American business has been woven the fabric that must clothe and feed and shelter the whole world and ultimately build that brotherhood of man which is the *dream* of the whole world.

That pattern, entirely a pattern of American business genius, is the pattern of mass production upon which we are building our hope of winning this war, and upon which we must base our hope of a world at peace. Upon that pattern of mass production, even before this war and under the worst of conditions, we were able here in America to create an economy of plenty where there had never been plenty of anything before.

In the face of a half-starved world, meager even of necessities and often wanting in the barest sustenance of food, we were able here in America to create more shoes than anybody could wear, more food than anybody could eat, more automobiles than anybody could ride in, more gum than anybody could chew, more milk than anybody could drink. Even the cows were woven into this pattern of American ingenuity.

★ ★ ★

IT is true that we had created an economy of plenty and failed to create a distribution of plenty.

But the fact remains that when we here in America found a way of clothing and feeding and housing an entire world, if necessary, with plenty of luxuries thrown in, we solved the age-old struggle of mankind. And the job of getting a distribution of that plenty became only another problem to be taken in its stride.

If there is going to be any brotherhood of man, if there is going to be any answer to the cry of the masses of the world—it is going to come from the solution of that second problem—the distribution of that plenty which we have made it possible to create.

So as we talk about preserving the free economy of American business, let's not confine our talk to America alone. Let's broaden our vision to include freedom of economy for a whole new world.

Our first job now is all-out production for this war. We are dealing in hours and days—not even months or years. But to do this job we must have a unity of spirit as well as a cooperation of hands and minds. We must use our imagination and think of the other fellow and stop thinking of ourselves.

Liberty is directing these editorials to its millions of readers to the end that a deep and far-reaching devotion toward our national ideal may inspire a unity of spirit as well as of head and of hands.

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR IN CHIEF · SHEPPARD BUTLER, EDITOR · ALFRED C. STRASSER, ART EDITOR
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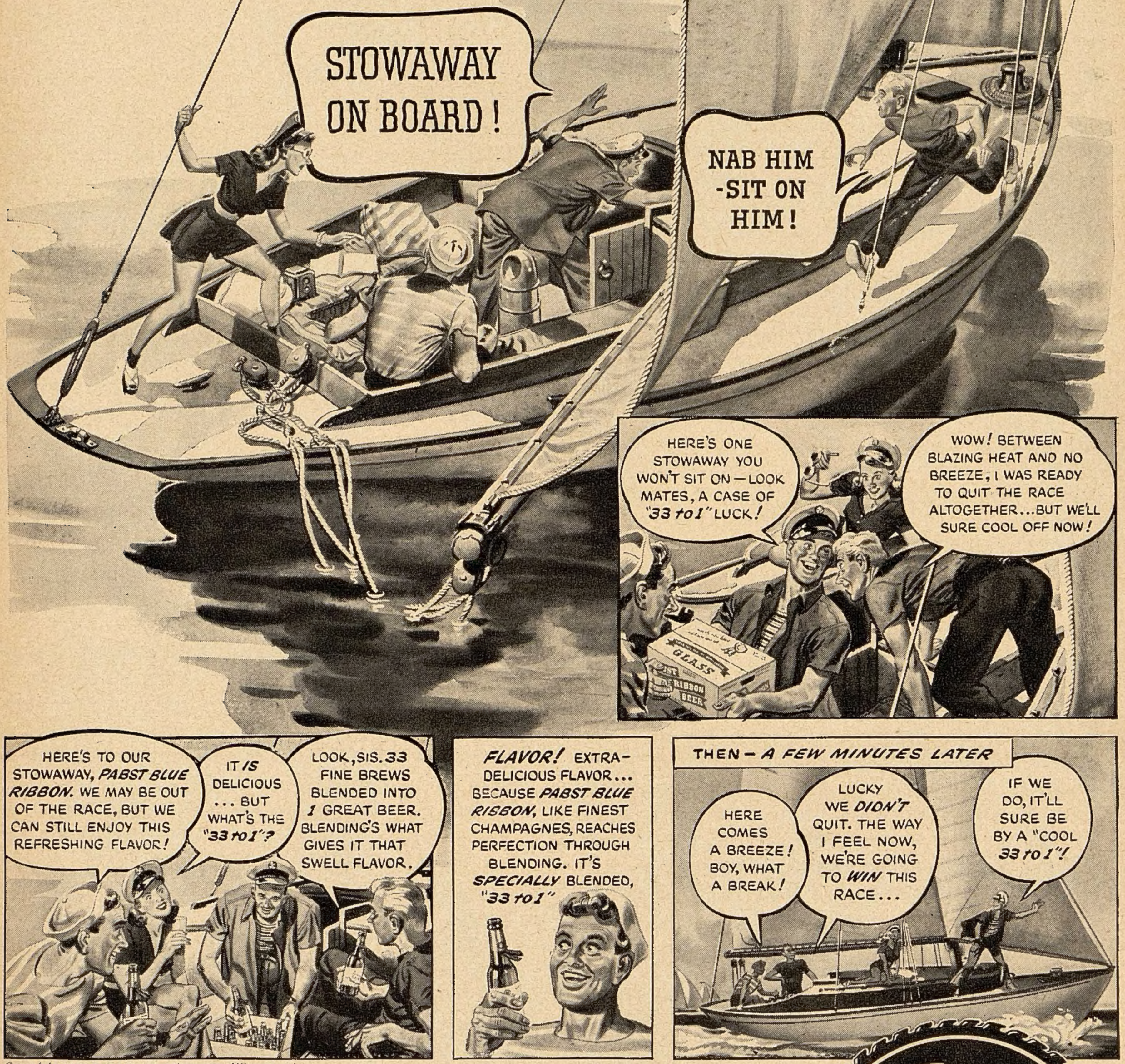
Sudden Luck Smiles on Becalmed Sloop!


STOWAWAY ON BOARD!
NAB HIM -SIT ON HIM!
HERE'S ONE STOWAWAY YOU WON'T SIT ON — LOOK MATES, A CASE OF "33 to 1" LUCK!
WOW! BETWEEN BLAZING HEAT AND NO BREEZE, I WAS READY TO QUIT THE RACE ALTOGETHER... BUT WE'LL SURE COOL OFF NOW!
GLASS
BLUE RIBBON BEER
HERE'S TO OUR STOWAWAY, PABST BLUE RIBBON. WE MAY BE OUT OF THE RACE, BUT WE CAN STILL ENJOY THIS REFRESHING FLAVOR!
IT IS DELICIOUS ... BUT WHAT'S THE "33 to 1"?
LOOK, SIS. 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO 1 GREAT BEER. BLENDING'S WHAT GIVES IT THAT SWELL FLAVOR.
FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED, "33 to 1"
THEN — A FEW MINUTES LATER
HERE COMES A BREEZE! BOY, WHAT A BREAK!
LUCKY WE DIDN'T QUIT. THE WAY I FEEL NOW, WE'RE GOING TO WIN THIS RACE...
IF WE DO, IT'LL SURE BE BY A "COOL 33 to 1"!

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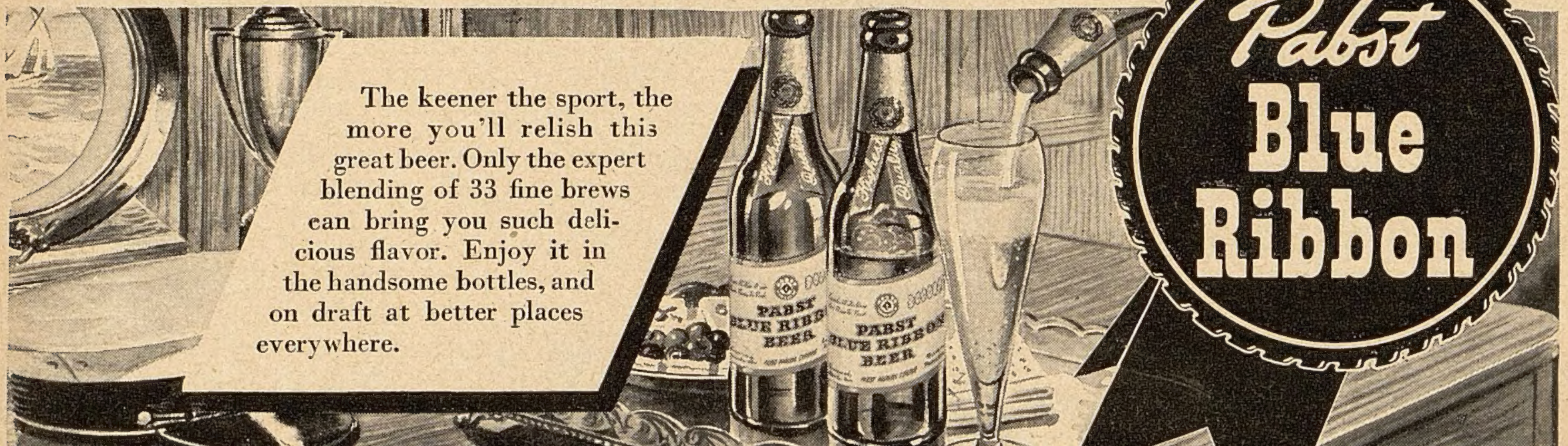
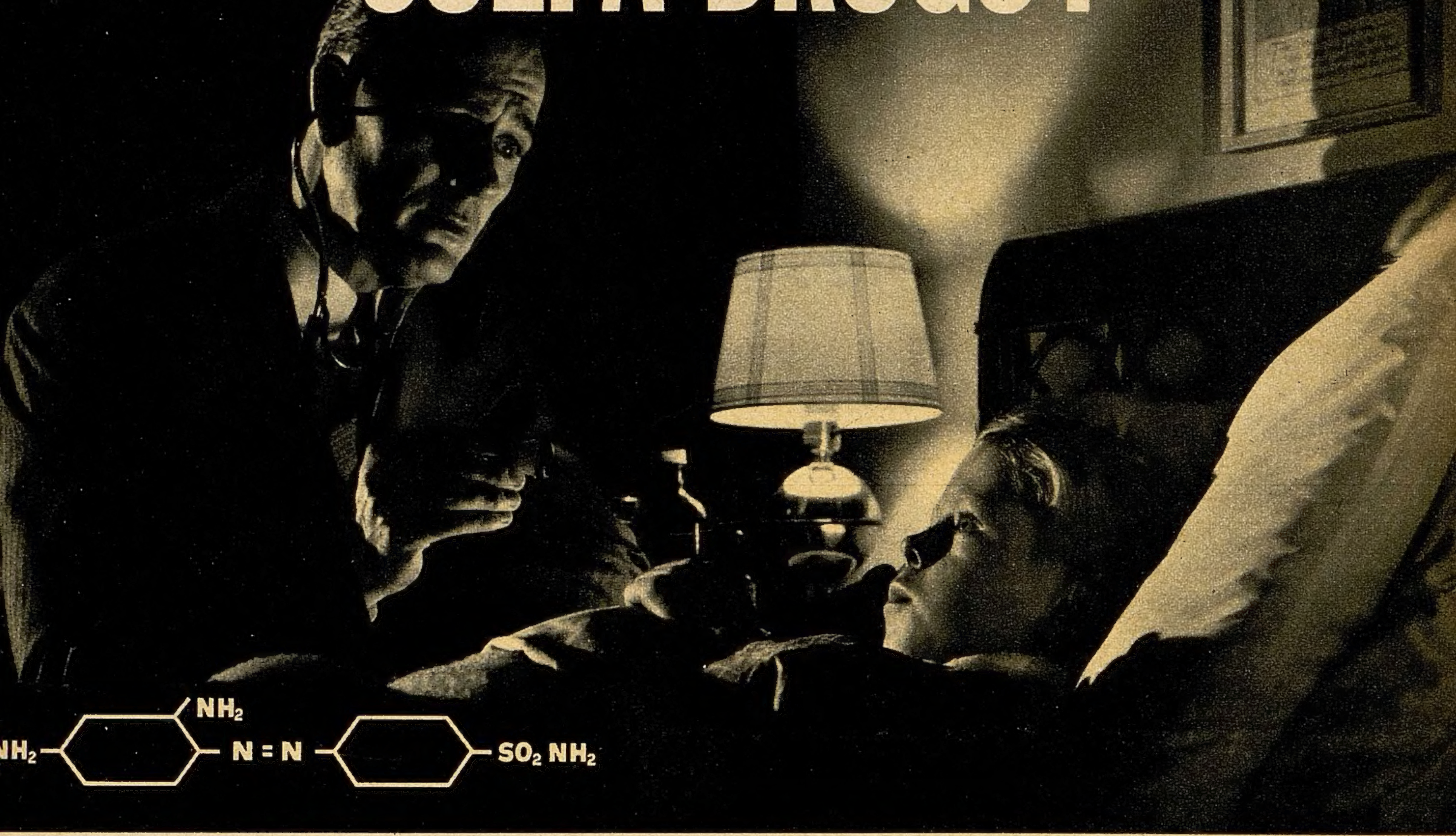

Pabst Blue Ribbon
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

The keener the sport, the more you'll relish this great beer. Only the expert blending of 33 fine brews can bring you such delicious flavor. Enjoy it in the handsome bottles, and on draft at better places everywhere.

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

ARE YOU SAFE WITH SULFA DRUGS?



Here are straight-from-the-shoulder facts about the benefits—and dangers—of a great modern discovery

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE question with which this article begins might well be met by another one:

Would you be safe with Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp?

For the sulfa drugs, like the magic lamp, are things of utterly incalculable value in the fight against disease. But, again like the magic lamp, they carry within themselves certain dangers—particularly the grave danger of misunderstood use, of careless or extravagant use.

The sulfa drugs are white tasteless pills, no more wondrous to the eye than an aspirin tablet and just as easy to swallow. But once they get inside the human body they work miracles which leave even seasoned old veterans of the medical profession agape with awe, almost unable to believe what their eyes see.

Not many years ago the illustrious physician, Sir William Osler, called pneumonia the "Captain of the Men of Death," for it was in many ways the world's most dreaded disease. Now, because of the sulfa drugs, pneumonia is hardly a serious illness at all.

The savage deadliness of spinal meningitis has been conquered. Gonorrhea has become a three-day inconvenience. Streptococcus infection killed Calvin Coolidge, Jr., and thousands of others, in the days before the sulfa drugs were discovered. A few pills of the substance saved Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., when he was stricken by the same germ. Childbed fever and gas gangrene are now under firm control.

But before we get into the fabulous results which doctors are achieving with the sulfa drugs—before we consider certain difficulties and dangers which they present to doctor and patient alike—you should hear the strange and romantic story of their discovery.

The scene opens in 1906. An obscure student named Gelmo was laboring at the Vienna Institute of Technology to win his doctor's degree in chemistry. To get it, he had to make an original contribution to the science, and so he decided to concoct something new out of coal tar—something which might perhaps be useful in the aniline-dye industry. Finally, out of his test tubes and retorts he took something which he called by the jawbreaking name of para-aminobenzene-sulfonamide.

When he wrote his modest paper describing his new compound, it was read as a matter of routine by the staff of the German chemical trust, the I. G. Farbenindustrie. They decided that it could be employed in the manufacture of certain dyes, and some of it actually was used for that purpose.

But for the next twenty-four years that was the last of Gelmo and his rather undistinguished contribution to chemical knowledge. The formula was filed away. And Gelmo passed quietly from the picture. It is generally believed that he was killed in the First World War.

Meantime, at the I. G. laboratories, men were working on another idea which had nothing to do with dyes. Ever since Louis Pasteur had discovered that bacteria—germs—cause

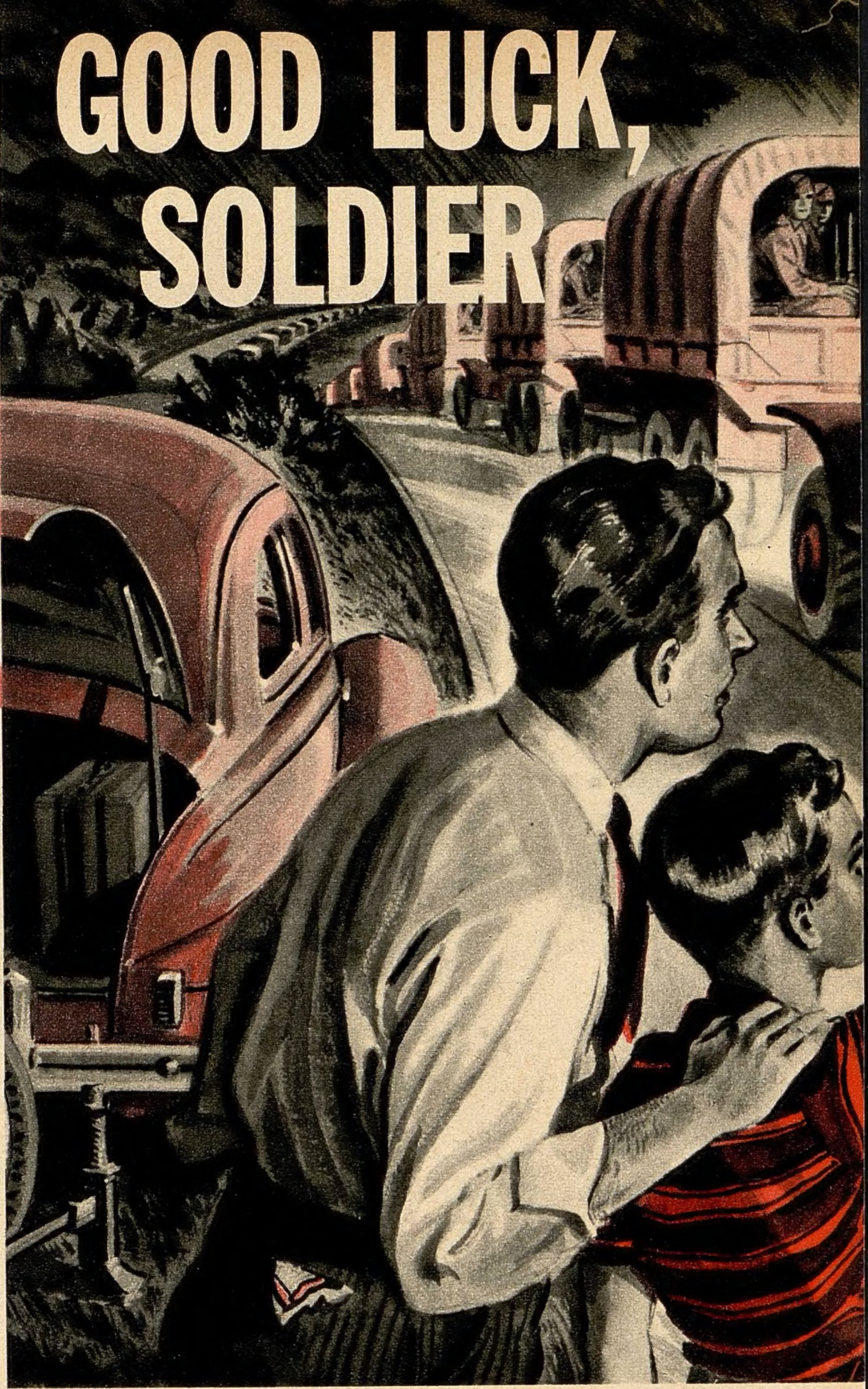
(*Continued on page 35*)

A story with meaning for Americans today . . . of a man in doubt, a boy who understood, and a meeting that made things clear

GOOD LUCK, SOLDIER

BY ROBERT DENNIS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS



"Good luck, yourself—soldier!" John Adams put an arm about his boy's shoulders.

"STAR light, star bright,
First star I've seen tonight—"
John Adams smiled as the small sleepy voice began the old nursery rhyme. He lifted tired eyes and peered ahead into the darkness beyond the reach of the headlights. The whole sky was dark except for fitful flashes of lightning behind distant piles of black clouds. One of those predawn thunderstorms was building on the horizon. He glanced down at the little boy curled up on the seat beside him.

"There aren't any stars," he said. "And you ought to be asleep."

"Wish I may, wish I might,
Get the wish I wish tonight."

The boy's face, dim in the reflected glow of the instrument panel, smiled up at him gravely.

"Can you tell a fellow what it is, Ted?"

"That'd spoil it. Where are we, dad?"

"In Connecticut, and this is the Merritt Parkway. We're almost there—"

It was a good thing. The needle on the gas gauge flicked at the quarter-full mark—just about enough to take them the rest of the way. Now, if that right rear tire only held out—

"They do look like stars, don't they, dad?"

The boy pointed to the rows of gleaming curb reflectors that rimmed the double traffic lane. They caught the headlights and turned into bright sparks that seemed to rush ahead into the darkness to show them the way.

"Think you'll get your wish? They're only glass stars."

"They're all that are showing—I had to take what I could."

John Adams' hands tightened on the wheel and he looked straight ahead. When there wasn't anything else showing, you took what you could— The solid shape of a white cement bridge marched toward them and was gone in a blur of hollow sound as the motor reverberated against its arched stomach.

"You'd better go to sleep again," he said.

"Um-huh—" The reply was sleepy and a tousled head came to rest warmly against his arm. He took one hand from the wheel and pulled the old blanket higher about the boy's shoulders. He wished he could have stopped and given the kid a chance to get a real night's sleep, but there had to be a little money left over. And Ted understood—they'd talked it over and decided to keep on driving to save the cost of a tourist cabin.

Funny how he'd gotten into the habit of talking to the kid, just as if he were grown up, ever since there had been just the two of them. Maybe it was because the boy was smart—in the same way his mother had been smart. It was Ted who looked at things now with a simple directness, and accepted them in the same spirit—while he was always getting *his* thinking tangled up with vague ambitions and impossible goals that put him in blue moods.

You were happier if you took what you could—but it was harder for a man to be satisfied with glass stars than it was for a ten-year-old.

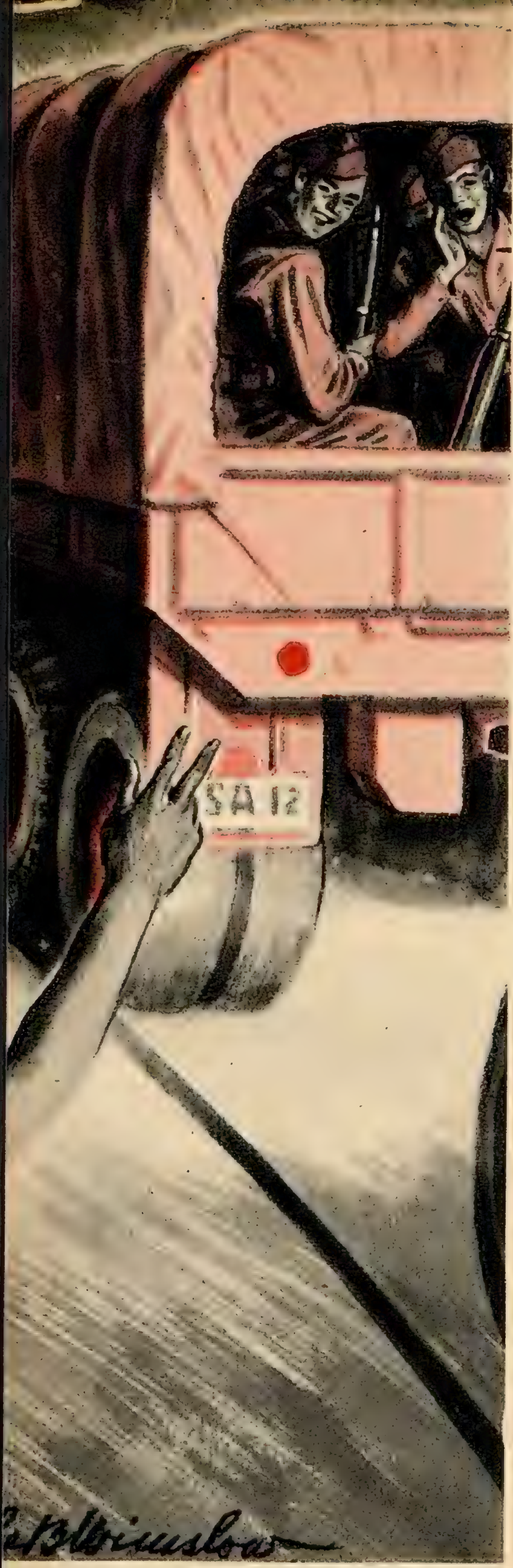
John Adams shook his head and his eyes followed those stars in the gutter as they climbed a hill and swept on around a curve. His foot touched the brake pedal as red dots appeared in the dark ahead. A moment later a motionless dust-colored bulk loomed into the headlights.

The boy stirred against his arm as he turned out to pass. "It's an army truck, dad—it's a whole bunch of them!" His son sat erect.

"You're supposed to be asleep."

"And soldiers, too. Gee!"

John Adams found himself sharing the boy's excitement. He sat up straighter behind the wheel as he drove along the silent line of trucks. Funny how just seeing them lined up like that, so drably businesslike, so comfortingly ready and ominous, could make a man choke up with pride until



ILLUSTRATED BY EARLE B. WINSLOW

he almost hurt inside. He envied the small groups of khaki-clad men who stood or lounged wearily beside the road, taking advantage of a chance to stretch tired muscles.

"Dad"—his son was leaning out of the car window, but now he turned—"is this the way you went—that other time?"

"Not quite." John Adams shook his head. "They made us do more walking in those days—except when they wanted us somewhere in a hurry, and then—"

A rushing swish of escaping air stopped his words.

"There goes that back tire, dad!"

He didn't have to be told. He could feel the car list as he braked to a slow, thumping crawl and eased up over the rounded shoulder of the curb to stop on the grass area in the center of the parkway.

"I'll get the tools out." The boy opened the door on his side and slipped to the ground.

John Adams shut off the motor and for a moment the brooding quiet of the night folded in about him. Then a scrap of conversation carried on the still air from one of those soldier groups. A cricket chirped timidly, and then held its breath and listened to a low rumble of thunder. The storm was coming closer.

He slid across the seat and stepped out onto the grass on legs that felt brittle and awkward from too much driving. He was tired. He lit a cigarette, and then just stood there, letting his sleep-heavy eyes travel along the row of army trucks outlined against the night by their own dimmed headlights. There was something unreal, something almost dreamlike about them.

ONCE there had been another line of dusty trucks, pointed toward another horizon where flickering lights played fitfully against the bellies of black clouds. Only that lightning had been the flash of gunfire and the thunder had been the muttering of heavy cannon.

"Dad." His boy's voice broke the spell. "Everything's ready."

"Coming—" He turned slowly and went back to join his son. He was jacking the back wheel off the ground when a voice spoke:

"A little bad luck, mister?"

He looked up to find a soldier from one of the trucks smiling down at him—a lean-hipped young fellow, tall and sun-tanned; but his eyes looked tired and his uniform was rumpled as if he'd been riding a long way.

John Adams straightened. "It could be worse, I guess." He took a crumpled pack of cigarettes from his pocket and held it out. "Smoke?"

"Thanks." The soldier's smile widened. "You must be a mind reader. Yours smelled so good I thought I'd come over—"

"Keep the rest."

"I hate to do that, mister."

"I've got more," John Adams lied.

"Well, thanks. We haven't even slowed up near any place where I could buy any." He lit one of the cigarettes, and smiled down at the boy, who was watching him with bright interest. "Hello, there, young fellow," he said.

"Hello. We've been going fast, too," the boy offered eagerly. "We're going to Bridgeport. My dad's going to make airplane engines there."

"Swell!" The young fellow grinned.

"My dad was a soldier in the other war."

"Yeah? Well, that makes him one war up on us fellows—so far."

John Adams looked at the trucks across the way. Their khaki tops and painted sides were innocent of any unit insignia. They weren't playing at maneuvers. Those trucks and this young fellow were on their way to some embarkation point.

"My dad wishes he was in this war too," he heard his son say proudly, yet almost apologetically, "but—he can't think of anything to do about me."

John Adams felt a half-guilty flush warm his cheeks as he glanced sharply at his son. Funny how kids could guess what was going on inside your head.

Sure, he wished he was in it. His country needed him again. But there was the boy. His loyalty to both had kept his thinking all tangled up for weeks and months, even when he knew all along that there was only one answer. He'd never meant to make the kid feel he wasn't wanted, though. He swallowed at a sudden lump in his throat. He wouldn't have done that, not for a million.

"You get some mighty funny ideas, son," he said slowly.

"Maybe." The boy dug his toe into the grass, "But I always want to be where you are. I've been wishing that—"

The young fellow in khaki seemed almost as uncomfortable as John Adams. He looked down and tapped the ash from his cigarette, and then his eyes came up and he smiled at the boy.

"You're not keeping your dad out of this war," he said. "He's *in* it right now. Everybody's in it."

A truck motor burst into life up ahead. Others joined it until the whole line vibrated with sound. The soldier turned to leave, then paused.

"Thanks again"—he raised his voice above the sound of the motors—"for the smokes. And make a lot of plane motors—and make 'em good!"

John Adams watched the tall khaki figure run across the cement and scramble aboard a dust-colored truck. "Good luck, soldier!" he called.

THE young fellow waved as the long line began to move toward the storm-troubled horizon. He leaned from the truck seat and cupped a hand to his mouth. "Good luck, yourself—soldier!"

John Adams flushed, and—funny—he seemed to grow all calm inside—sort of at peace with himself—for the first time in months. A smile touched the corners of his mouth and he put an arm about his boy's shoulders.

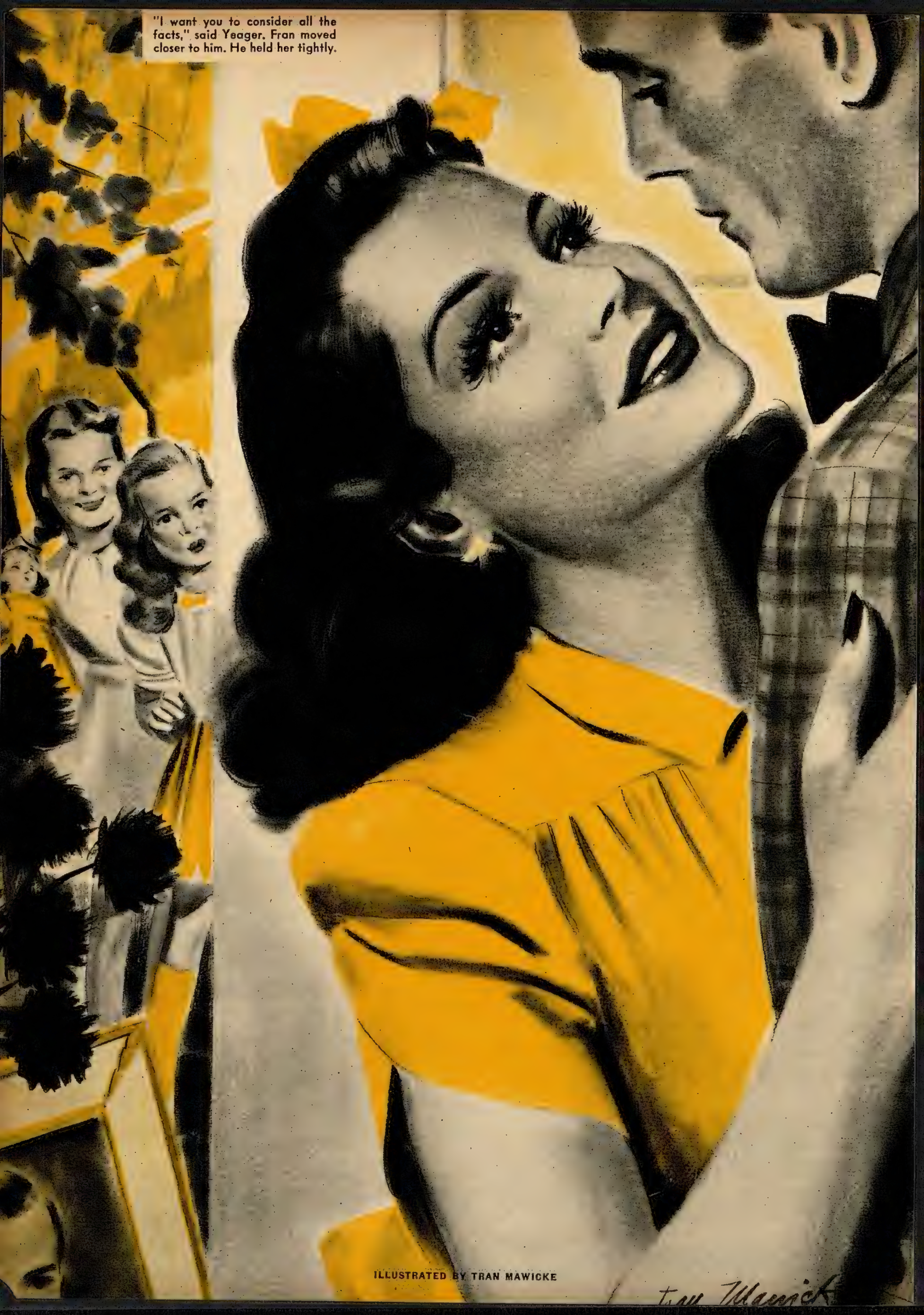
There wouldn't be much glory or excitement making airplane motors—and making 'em good—to help that young fellow, but when there wasn't anything else showing, you took what you could, and you did your best.

"He called you a soldier, too, dad." The boy looked up at him proudly. "Are you really in this war?"

John Adams watched the taillights on the last truck wink out over the crest of the ridge ahead. For a moment he had that lonely feeling of having been left behind. And then his arm tightened about his son.

He nodded slowly and stood very straight. "You bet I am!" he said.

THE END



"I want you to consider all the facts," said Yeager. Fran moved closer to him. He held her tightly.

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

DOCTOR... KISS ME!

A physician need not depend on pills and powders for a cure—There's always love!

BY
FANE MERRIMAN HORTON

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHEN she came into the room, Fran could see that they had been telling Clem Yeager about her. She sensed it in their attitudes, in the quick way Mildred turned to her, the solicitude with which she said:

"Fran dear, this is Dr. Yeager."

She was puzzled by a shade of difference in her sister-in-law's manner. This was not the air with which Mildred usually presented her candidates. Nor was Dr. Clement Yeager the usual candidate.

"You're too thin," he said, forgetting to let go her hand. He scowled, or the jutting eyebrows made him seem to.

"Must you be clinical? I have on a new dress and I look very nice."

Mildred said blandly, "Black is so dramatic with your red hair. Jim and Dr. Yeager were classmates at Dartmouth. Did you get it at the shop?"

The remark was so utterly Mildred that they all smiled, even slow, quiet Jim Hale.

Fran nodded. "It was ordered for Janet Hicks originally, but the scissors must have slipped. When it came, it was fourteen up and down but not around." She was giving herself time to recover from the impact of Clem Yeager's personality. "I was the only one who could get into it, so Miss Todd practically gave it to me."

He had the kind of not quite handsome face people call "rugged" and "masculine." His eyes were deep-set. Dark gray, she thought. A speculation came to her, unbidden and unwelcome. Bob Cummings had been a boy when she married him, and he died before she had a chance to find out what kind of man he might have made. This man had the maturity that comes not so much with age as from knowing what you think and what you're going to do about it.

"Fran's very independent," Mildred was saying reproachfully. "Father and mother wanted her to move in with them—they have loads of room—but she insisted on going to work in that gown shop."

"All my friends come in and buy their dresses because they feel sorry for me." She saw the flush on Mildred's fair skin, and added lightly, "Never mind. Every one knows the family tried hard to make me a parasite."

Mildred sighed and changed the subject. "How are Mittie and Jane? Who's staying with them?"

"Our regular girl couldn't come, and Jane wanted to be left in charge. She's very self-reliant," Fran said proudly, "and she knows this phone number, in case anything should happen."

"But, Fran! Those babies. Four and six." Mildred appealed for support to her husband, to Clem Yeager.

"They have to learn to depend on themselves." Unconsciously Fran squared her shoulders. She was aware of Clem Yeager's deep-set eyes on her face.

"But it's all so unnecessary—" Mildred stopped helplessly.

The appearance of the colored maid put an end to the discussion. "I believe Anna is ready for us." Mildred led the way to the dining room. Mildred had so much better taste about her home than about herself; she was too plump for pastels. But the table was lovely, the dinner perfect.

This wasn't one of her periodical matchmaking attempts, though. She had neatly disclaimed any responsibility for Jim's classmate. Fran thought that she was even a little impatient with Jim for having brought Dr. Yeager into a family party.

After dinner they played bridge. Clem Yeager played quite well for a man who obviously cared nothing for the game. Fran was impatient with herself because she kept watching the clock. Jane would have telephoned if anything—anything at all—had happened.

On the stroke of ten she said, "Last rubber for me. I must go home."

"I don't have a car, Mrs. Cummings," said Clem Yeager. "How do you feel about walking?"

"I'd like it," she answered honestly, and forced herself not to hurry going for her coat. She was eager to be out of the cozy warmth of Mildred's house, to walk very fast with the chill spring air against her face.

Mildred was protesting when she came back into the hall: "If you must rush off, Jim will drive you home."

"Jim will do nothing of the sort. It's hardly six blocks."

"The walk will do her good, Mrs. Hale." It was plain that Mildred resented Dr. Yeager's intervention. Fran wondered why until the doorbell rang, and then she knew even before she heard Bill Brewton's hearty booming laugh. Mildred had planned this, and she was likely to be upset when her plans went awry.

"Well, well, just in time!" Bill said genially. "Mildred told me you were coming to dinner, and I thought I'd drop by and see if I could take you home. I've been putting in a little overtime at the office."

"Dr. Yeager and I were just going to walk." She felt childishly disappointed.

"Glad to drop you anywhere, doctor," Bill offered at once.

"Are you planning to practice here?" he asked as they rode along.

"No; I'm doing a research job at the Medical Center just now."

"They do some great work over there," Bill said cheerfully. "Too bad it isn't paid for in accordance with the benefits conferred on mankind."

Clem Yeager said politely, "I'm really satisfying my own curiosity."

"You scientific birds are too modest."

Fran grinned faintly in the darkness. She had the key now. A doctor who was more interested in satisfying his curiosity than in making money would never be what Mildred thought of as a "good provider."

"Well, here we are," said Bill. "Want us to come in and make sure there are no burglars lurking?" he asked Fran.

He wasn't being facetious. Bill Brewton really thought a grown woman ought to feel timid about entering a dark house at night—even the house where she had left her two children sleeping.

She laughed at him. "I'm twenty-six years old and never met a burglar."

Clem Yeager walked with her to the door. "I'd like to see you again," he said bluntly.

She felt suddenly young, lighthearted. "I'm always home on Sundays," she said.

SHE stopped for a moment in the hall, to look appraisingly in the mirror. She ran thin strong fingers through her hair, and in the dim light it moved like flames topping a slim dark candle. She made herself go calmly, deliberately, up the stairs.

The children were safe and sleeping quietly—Jane straight and composed, her face turned aside, dark hair spread on the pillow; Mittie a tangle of arms and legs and red elf locks.

She pulled up Mittie's blanket. The light from the hall fell across Jane's face and she moved protestingly.

"Mother—"

"Hush, darling. Go to sleep."

Fran crossed the hall to her bedroom, but she felt restless, painfully awake. She went downstairs again, and switched on the light in the living room. A comfortable, pretty room growing faintly shabby. Moonlight came through the French doors from the garden, competing with the softness of shaded lamplight.

She hadn't really looked at this room for years. Tonight she seemed to be engaged in some kind of inventory taking—her house, herself, the children, her life.

The light shone on the photograph of Bob Cummings which sat on the desk. She hadn't put it away, because it still hurt her to look at it, and she wasn't going to be easy on herself. She held the silver frame in her hands. The face seemed alive, eager. Bob had never *intended* to die, driving at reckless speed along the curves of the Canyon road. He had believed too firmly in his own luck. But the girl with him doubtless would have chosen death if she had lived long enough to know about the terrible cuts on her face. Fran hadn't seen them. She hadn't even seen Bob. The family had spared her everything, because it was only a week before Mittie's birth. But she had seen the newspapers, and the beautiful face with the caption "Friend of the Family."

Fran had never even heard her name before that night, and the girl was dead, and nobody could know what might have happened if Bob had lived.

For four years now she had been "poor Fran" to Bob's family and—she suspected—to her friends. They were all so brutally kind. They invited her to dinner, and introduced eligible men—solid, substantial citizens, fortyish, safe. Good providers.

"You must think of the children," Mildred would say anxiously. Fantastic that Bob should have had a sister like Mildred. She was probably fretting herself and Jim Hale at this very moment for having brought Clem Yeager into the picture. He was so obviously unsuitable, from Mildred's point of view.

Fran was suddenly desperately sleepy. She went upstairs yawning and rubbing her eyes like a child.

THE children dragged her ruthlessly from bed at an early hour on Sunday. She was digging in the tulip bed when Clem Yeager came along the path.

She stood up, stripping off the canvas gloves. The dark blue slacks and white shirt were mere background for her thin face and vivid hair, for her eyes that couldn't decide whether to be green or blue.

"How do you do?" she said, and felt the strong quick clasp of his hand.

His eyes roved about contentedly. "Nice."

The children were building a sand castle at the end of the garden, near the lilac bush.

"Come inside," said Fran.

The living room was cool and quiet. "Would you like a drink of anything?"

Frank Beaven
17
10

"Oh, I was afraid we had shrunk your suit!"

"No." He was looking about frankly. "This is a pleasant room."

"It needs dusting," she answered inanely. She fought against an impulse to turn her life inside out for his inspection. *It was all given to us, everything. Bob's father built the house, and my mother furnished it, except for the wedding presents. We were two children playing at being grown up.*

"Mother!" screamed Mittie.

Fran was out of her chair in one movement. The children were coming through the French door. Mittie's eyes were glazed with fright, her mouth open to scream again. There was blood running down one leg, below the brief blue skirt. Jane looked as if she were about to be sick.

"Darling, don't drip on the rug," Fran said coolly. She was white to the lips. "Get the first-aid kit, Jane," she ordered.

"Lay her down," said Clem Yeager. "No, she doesn't need a pillow." He twitched a clean white handkerchief from his pocket, folded it swiftly into a compress. "Here. Hold this over the wound. Firm pressure. It's only a vein." He vanished.

Fran set her teeth, watching blood soak the pad she was pressing over the cut on the small knee. "Now," said Clem Yeager's voice above her.

It was all over rather quickly. Mittie had stopped screaming. She quivered and clutched at her mother when he poured antiseptic on the cut. "There," he said, finishing the bandage with adhesive tape.

Fran lifted the child in her arms and Clem Yeager guided her to the sofa. Mittie's arms clasped her neck; her sobs had died to an occasional catch of breath.

"It's not serious, is it?" Fran's voice was dry.

"She'll be quite all right." He stood looking down at Fran. "Go ahead. Cuddle her, if you want to. It won't hurt her—and it will do you a lot of good."

Ten minutes later she said softly, "She's asleep."

"Yes. Can you put her down, there on the couch? I'm a little worried about—Jane—isn't it?"

"Jane?" she said quickly. "Jane wasn't hurt."

"She was lying face down on her bed—when I came from the medicine cabinet."

Fran's knees shook going up the stairs. Jane's six-year-old body was jerking with suppressed sobs.

"Darling," Fran said cautiously. She touched the dark hair. Suddenly she didn't know how to cope with this. Jane—so self-reliant, so sturdily dependable.

"Mother . . . It was my fault. She fell over the trowel."

"Mittie knows she isn't supposed to run in the flower beds."

"I was chasing her. Oh, mother!" June buried her swollen face in Fran's lap. "I'm a coward, too. I ran away from the blood—"

FRAN'S scared eyes met Clem Yeager's. He said matter-of-factly, "I saw a grown-up man faint at the sight of blood. He was a brave man, too."

Jane's head lifted. She looked at him sideways. "Honest? Who are you?"

"My name's Yeager. You can call me Doc if you want to."

"Did you fix Mittie's knee?"

"Yes. She's fine now. She's asleep."

"Jane," Fran said clearly, "you and Mittie are sisters, and you love each other. But you are not responsible for her, any more than she is for you. Do you understand me?"

Jane searched their two faces solemnly.

"You must be sensible," said Clem Yeager.

"Sensabul?" She tried the word, considered and approved it. "All right. Mother, will you coddle me? Just a little?"

"I'll sit right here beside you until you go to sleep. Dr. Yeager will carry Mittie up and put her in her bed."

Later, downstairs, Fran looked at Clem Yeager. Her face twisted. "I've been telling her she was too big to be coddled."

"Never mind that," he said curtly. "You're the next patient. Lie down on the couch. I'm going to make you some coffee."

The coffee was steaming hot, but it didn't stop her shaking. "I thought I was making Jane self-reliant, but I was really leaning on her—on a six-year-old child. What a mother I turned out to be!"

"Drink your coffee."

She lifted the cup obediently, then set it down.

"I thought I was learning—to be a person instead of a grown-up child. I've always been taken care of, and they all tried to go on—Bob's family, our friends. They felt so sorry for me because of that girl who was with him when he was killed. She was beautiful—much more beautiful than I."

(*Continued on page 51*)

HOW WE CAN LICK THE U-BOAT MENACE

We have the weapons . . men and machines! This and the following pages tell the story

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

AMERICA *has been invaded!*

The one continuous battle of this war is being waged on our side of the oceans. The flames of enemy destruction have turned night into ruddy day along the American coasts.

It is the most hideous form of warfare, because civilians are its victims. It is the invasion of American waters by the Axis submarines.

Up to a couple of weeks ago we were on the losing side of that long battle. Its tide is turning in our favor, but even after the battle is won our helpless noncombatants will suffer from it.

Some 250 merchant ships have been sunk by submarines in American waters since the year's beginning. The Nazis have lost more than half the U-boats they are known to have had at the war's beginning. How many replacements they have launched we do not know. But it is because of Nazi torpedoes that Americans are on short gasoline rations and have sugar cards; that bananas have become a luxury; that highways go unrepaired.

We are blockaded and under constant attack, but it is a battle the enemy cannot win, and for him it has been a failure from the start in its main objective, which was to prevent American military aid from reaching Great Britain and Russia.

In the following pages are some particulars about the methods and instruments being used to combat the U-boats. It is an all-out war in which every element of organized society is engaged, from the Yukon to Panama. Canada's navy and Mexico's are in it with our own.

The Navy's main job is to convoy men and supplies across the seas. It has escorted a huge American Expeditionary Force to Europe without the loss of a single life by enemy action. That is the urgent task—to hit Hitler where *he* lives. But the Navy is mightily in the fight against the U-boat menace, too. So are the Marines, the Coast Guard. So is the Army. So is the Civil Air Patrol. Their job is to destroy submarines *and* submarines' crews, *because Hitler cannot train crews as fast as he can build U-boats!*

The Army contributes its far-ranging bombing planes, CAP its privately owned patrol planes and unpaid crews. The Navy supplies not only ships but the gun crews on armed merchantmen. The Coast Guard, now an autonomous corps within the Navy, contributes a dozen air stations along the coasts, mans the great fleet of pleasure craft for harbor patrol, gives its rearmed cutters to convoy duty. These are the front-line fighting forces.

But the best they can do would not be good enough were it not for tens of thousands of men whose uniforms are stained dungarees. Those are the merchant seamen who run the horrible gantlet of the submarines, and the shipyard workers who are building vessels faster than our enemies can sink them.

In sixty American shipyards, 300 ways are manned by 750,000 skilled workers who are at this writing launching two 10,000-ton ships a day. In another ten weeks or so three vessels will be sliding into the water every twenty-four hours, Sundays included. It will be five a day before next winter's ice is off the rigging.

But ships must have crews, and how thrilling is the unanimity with which our merchant seamen sign up for another cruise as fast as they complete one—or are fished out of the oil-scummed water when a submarine interrupts one! Take, for instance, August Hartmann, first mate of the torpedoed Romney. He knows German. When the U-boat surfaced, and the captain emerged to gloat over his dirty work, Hartmann rowed up close and cussed him out. Rescued, Hartmann went to sea again as first mate of the Empire Attendant. And again he was torpedoed, again the submarine broke water and its commanding officer came out to watch the struggling victims—*and it was the same man!*

Hartmann is back at sea, determined to get that so-and-so.

Or take Richard Quincy, seaman aboard the tanker Montebello. He and other survivors were hauled out of a sea of oil. As their spokesman, he had this to say to a representative of the Maritime Commission:

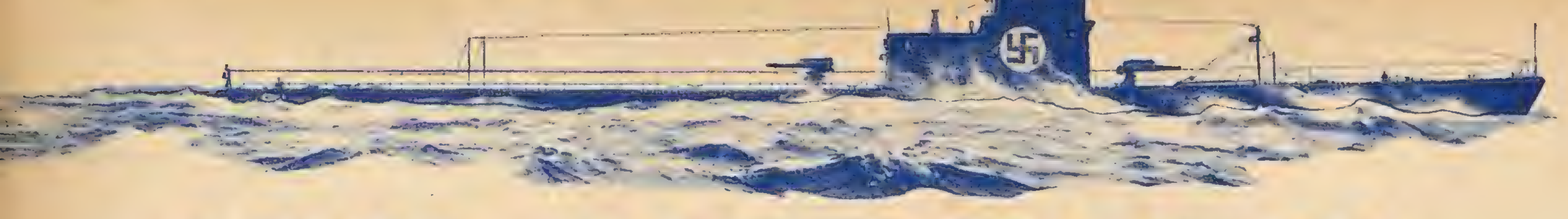
"We all feel, let's go back on the ships and do our best to lick 'em."

And they *are* all back—every man and boy of them.

Hitler, you're a gone goose. You can't win. Our unscathed armies are at your doorstep. Our airplanes and bombs and tanks are pouring through your submarine blockade to arm the British and the Russians. Your only success in your submarine campaign is against the noncombatant men, women, and children of this continent, and, by God, we can take the worst you can send and give it back tenfold!

Read on!

(Please turn the page)



CIVIL AIR PATROL

Volunteer guardians, flying their own planes, set an amazing record of defense

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THERE is a 300-mile stretch of sea lanes off the coast of the United States in which no ship has been sunk—*except submarines!*

That is the area assigned to the Civil Air Patrol. It is policed and guarded by aviators who fly their own private planes and who don't draw a nickel in compensation from the government. Frequently they even pay for their own gasoline.

Mostly they are men ineligible, for one reason or another, to join the aviation units of the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps. They may be too old, or they may have some minor physical defect. But they can fly. Oh, man, how they *can* fly!

There are women in the outfit, too. Day in, day out, and many a night, the men and women of CAP are up in the air at their own expense, freeing hundreds of military planes and pilots and mechanics for the more urgent phases of war in the clouds.

The story of CAP has more facets than a ten-carat diamond. Here's an item from a United Press dispatch:

"In the face of hazardous flying conditions, the OCD Civil Air Patrol went into immediate action to fly vitally needed medical supplies into the cyclone-stricken area at Pryor, Oklahoma."

One does not have to be a licensed pilot to belong to the CAP or to share in its glory that is all the more radiant for being unadvertised. Very few of us are prosperous enough to take private flying instruction and to own our own airplanes. Fewer still can afford to neglect personal affairs to donate time and aircraft to the nation. But the organization uses—and can use more of—mechanics, radiotelephone operators, photographers, parachute folders, and all the host of skills practiced on the ground so others can fly. If you can't donate an airplane to CAP, perhaps your local squadron would welcome the loan of your automobile or even your coffee percolator, and you to operate it. Mechanics and machinists who want to donate a few hours a month to Battling Uncle Sam, and to better themselves by getting training on airplane machinery, can sport the CAP insignia with any of its pilots.

Earle L. Johnson, CAP's national commander

The war put an abrupt stop to all civilian flying, a necessity which had been foreseen by private aviators who had CAP set up and organized before Pearl Harbor. A somewhat skeptical War Department assigned Major General John F. Curry to direct the organization. His enthusiasm was implemented with sound military knowledge and a sense of practical values. What kind of boss CAP was lucky enough to get in him is demonstrated by his recent transfer to command the Fourth District Air Corps' technical training. He was succeeded by Earle L. Johnson, a well-to-do Ohio farmer and aviation enthusiast, whom the army commissioned as major.

"We've got," says Johnson, "about 43,000 people in the Civil Air Patrol, and 80 per cent of them are pilots. In the main they are a bunch of pot-bellied guys the army and navy won't take for physical reasons, because they have dependents, because they are considered too old or too young. It also includes a lot of fellows the army will get, or the navy, when the services are good and ready to take 'em in, and who meanwhile are doing a bang-up job as an auxiliary to them both.

"And don't forget the women, who couldn't fly *in* the army or the navy, but are doing a whale of a lot of flying *for* them in CAP. We take the gals on the same basis as we do the men—speaking of pilots particularly. What you can *do* is the question, not whether your handkerchief smells of El Ropo cigars or Chanel No. 7. Hell, we got three women right now doing observation patrol!

"We take a 50-hour pilot and build him up into a 200-hour pilot. All the pilots are getting training—I don't like that word, so call it practice—in group flying and in military tactics. The army will get a lot of them, and get a darned near finished article in every one.

"Meanwhile our pilots are doing a tremendous job which is releasing hundreds upon hundreds of military and naval planes for the armed services—planes which otherwise would have to be diverted from combat duty. They are towing targets for anti-aircraft batteries; they are carrying freight, rushing government officials cross-country; there has not been a disaster since CAP was organized which hasn't seen our people bringing medicine, doctors, nurses, serum to the scene.

"And as for spotting submarines and their victims . . .!

"We even have a cavalry division out in western Nebraska for rescue work in the mountains. Akron, Ohio, has a motorcycle patrol auxiliary. In personnel we have everything from garage mechanics who quit school at twelve to millionaires with six college degrees."

What does it take to be a member of CAP?

"I can answer that question two

CAP members get instruction in map-reading.

Florida is a grand base for U-boat hunting! These are hunters lined up for inspection.

ways," says Johnson. "If you mean what does a man or woman have to know to belong, that is up to the needs of the state wing commanders, the groups, the squadrons. In every unit we need, of course, pilots and private plane owners, radio experts, experienced mechanics who know small planes. That is the nucleus. From there you can spread out to cooks and laundry workers, ground keepers, messengers. We need the cooperation of every air-minded person.

"And the other answer as to what it takes is this: It takes unflagging enthusiasm, the ability to do hard work, and above all the ability to keep one's mouth shut. Most of our work is highly confidential.

"Individualism is subordinated. We want no prima donnas, no stunt performers.

"Every applicant is closely checked by the F.B.I."

Johnson was one of the originators of CAP. The organization was born on December 1, with Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, himself a World War aviator, as its sponsor; LaGuardia was then head of OCD.

"More than half the private airplanes in the United States are now flying for CAP, and that's more than half of those that can fly," Johnson declares. "And without a nickel's compensation to the owners, mind you.

"Sure, the army looked at us with a leary eye at first. Why not? We had to prove ourselves. Now the army is demanding everything we can give. The official order is to 'use it to its capabilities of performance.'

"Not so long ago the army wanted the dope on 21,000 pilots; it wanted the weight, age, height of each man; it wanted to know could he speak Spanish, French, Greek, Japanese, or Hindustani; it wanted to know if he had experience flying twin-motored jobs, planes with skis, and planes with pontoons. We got that information for the army in just three days. Only CAP could have done it.

"The army will take our best pilots. O. K., we'll have the second best. When the army gets 'em, it will get pilots who have boned up on navigation so thoroughly that when they are out of sight of landmarks—*or land*—they can tell exactly where they are.

"And they are studying and working on their own time. Most of our members can only take off one day a week, and some can't take that much. If we are given a seven-day job to do, we pick seven men to do it. Or five men and two women, or vice versa.

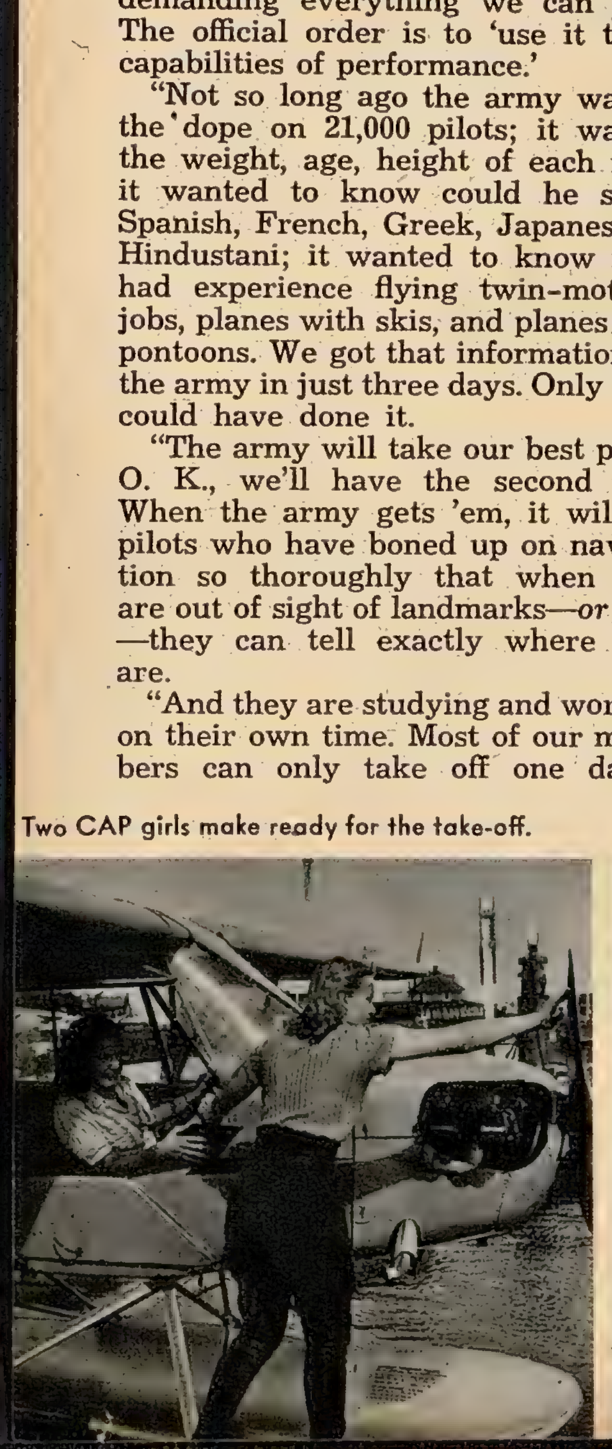
"The army wants to know, for instance, can we provide a seven-day-a-week courier service from Maine to Florida. Can we do it? Hell, we can do anything! In four days we provided a courier service that transported 2,650 pounds of freight in 101 flying hours without costing the government anything, and otherwise it would have required army planes and pilots."

Lieutenant Ken Hoyt, former aviation writer and now public relations officer of CAP, could dig out of his files enough instances wherein the Civil Air Patrol has saved the nation lives, money, and precious material to fill this magazine ten times over. But I think the Civil Air Patrol is doing an even bigger job than that, an important task of which it is not conscious because it is so absorbed in the immediate assignment. It is causing *civilian* aviation to live and grow, and it is *civilian*—not military—aviation to which this country, and the world, look for progress in the post-war epoch of civilization's recovery and advance.

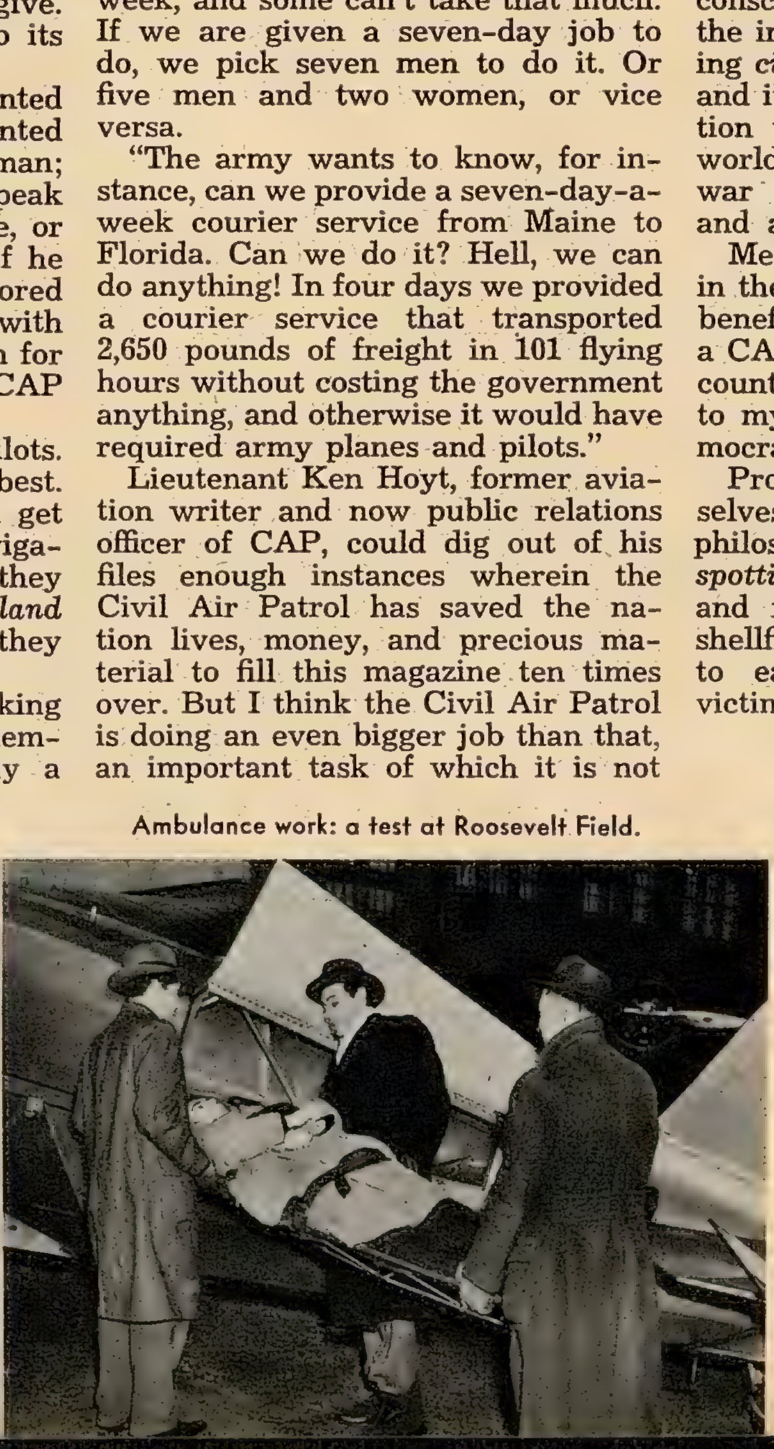
Meanwhile, there isn't one person in the United States today who is not benefiting by the fact that we have a CAP—and we are the only warring country that has such an outfit. It is, to my mind, the twin symbol of democracy and the machine age.

Probably the CAP members themselves don't indulge in any such fancy philosophy. They are too doggone busy *spotting submarines,* toting messages and freight, towing targets through shellfire, carrying doctors and serums to earthquake, cyclone, and flood victims.

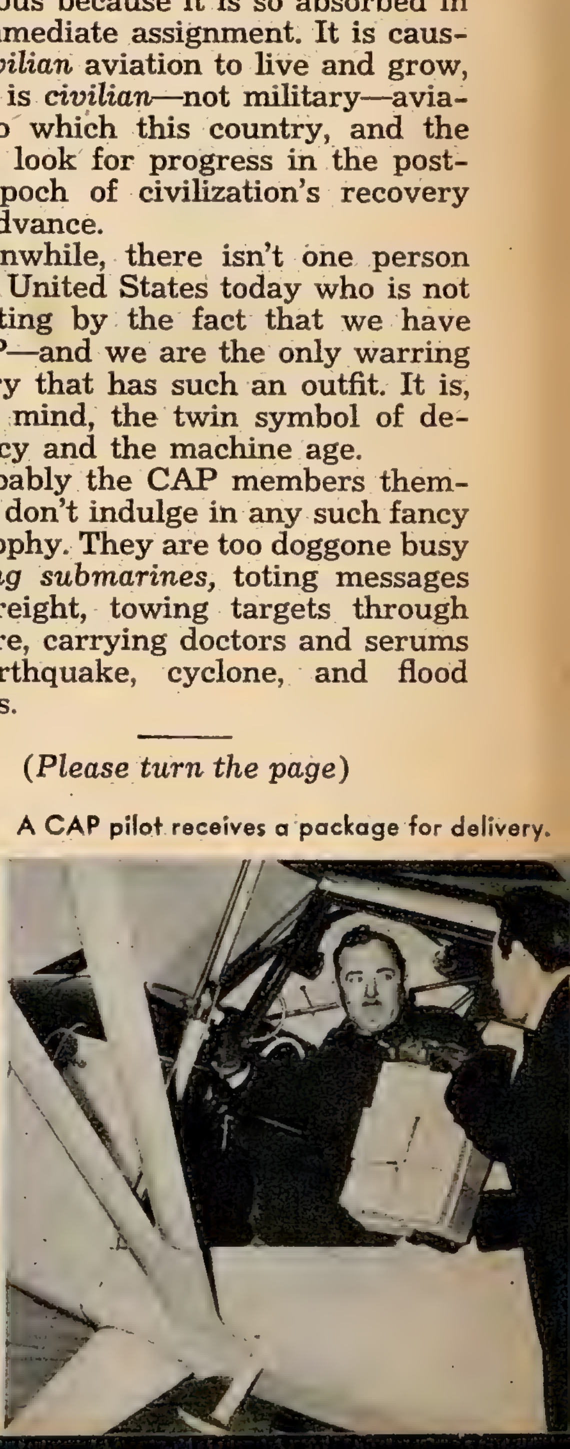
(*Please turn the page*)



Two CAP girls make ready for the take-off.



Ambulance work: a test at Roosevelt Field.



A CAP pilot receives a package for delivery.

(Continued)

HOW WE CAN LICK THE U-BOAT MENACE

NAVY BLIMPS

Destruction from the sky! These versatile craft are the U-boat's greatest foe

BY LIEUTENANT ALLAN R. BOSWORTH, U. S. N. R.

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE woman air-raid spotter in the Philadelphia area got one glimpse of the obesity in the sky and leaped excitedly to the telephone.

"Two planes and a submarine—directly overhead!" she told headquarters.

They advised her to take another look and get her nomenclature straight. What she had seen was, of course, no U-boat out of its element. Instead, it was perhaps the greatest foe the raiding U-boat can have. It was a navy blimp.

The air-raid spotter and other residents of coastal areas in this country will be seeing more and more blimps in the months to come. Last year, before construction figures became secret, the navy announced that forty-eight "useful nonrigid airships" were on order. It expanded the operating and training facilities at Lakehurst, New Jersey, made arrangements to take back California's Moffett Field from the army, and planned two new East Coast stations—one at South Weymouth, Massachusetts, and the other at Elizabeth City, North Carolina.

There also will be auxiliary airship facilities along both coasts.

The navy's program is rolling along, and just in time. For history has been repeating itself in submarine raids on American coastal shipping, and it seems there should be a fair chance of similar repetition in what the blimps can do to curb the U-boat menace.

The adjective "useful" as applied to the nonrigid ships is no idle word. For every dollar spent on blimps—each of the new ones costs some $225,000—the American taxpayer is assured of more general utility, probably, than for a dollar spent on any other type of craft. Not only can the blimp destroy submarines, but it is an excellent rescue craft, it can locate and destroy mine fields, it can perform scouting missions and do other tasks.

Pilots of heavier-than-air craft call the blimps "rubber cows" and swear at them; the navy men who navigate them sometimes use the same nickname—and swear by them.

But the average citizen has known of blimps only through county fairs, where the tiny commercial types accommodated joy riders at two-and-a-half per hop, or he has associated the ships with a unique method of observation in fighting forest fires. The public hasn't seen any photographs of British blimps in this war; English lighter-than-air activity seems limited to the use of barrage balloons. If they're good over here, why aren't the British building and flying them? What do we want of them? Why not put the money into planes, torpedo boats, and subchasers? What did blimps ever do?

Let the British records of World War I answer that last question. Blimps of the 1914-18 era were crude by comparison with those of today. Their gas bags were inflated with hydrogen, which made them flaming deathtraps if struck by a single incendiary bullet.

Yet they sighted forty-nine submarines and sank twenty-seven of that number. They flew two and a quarter million miles in all manner of weather to convoy more than 2,000 merchant ships.

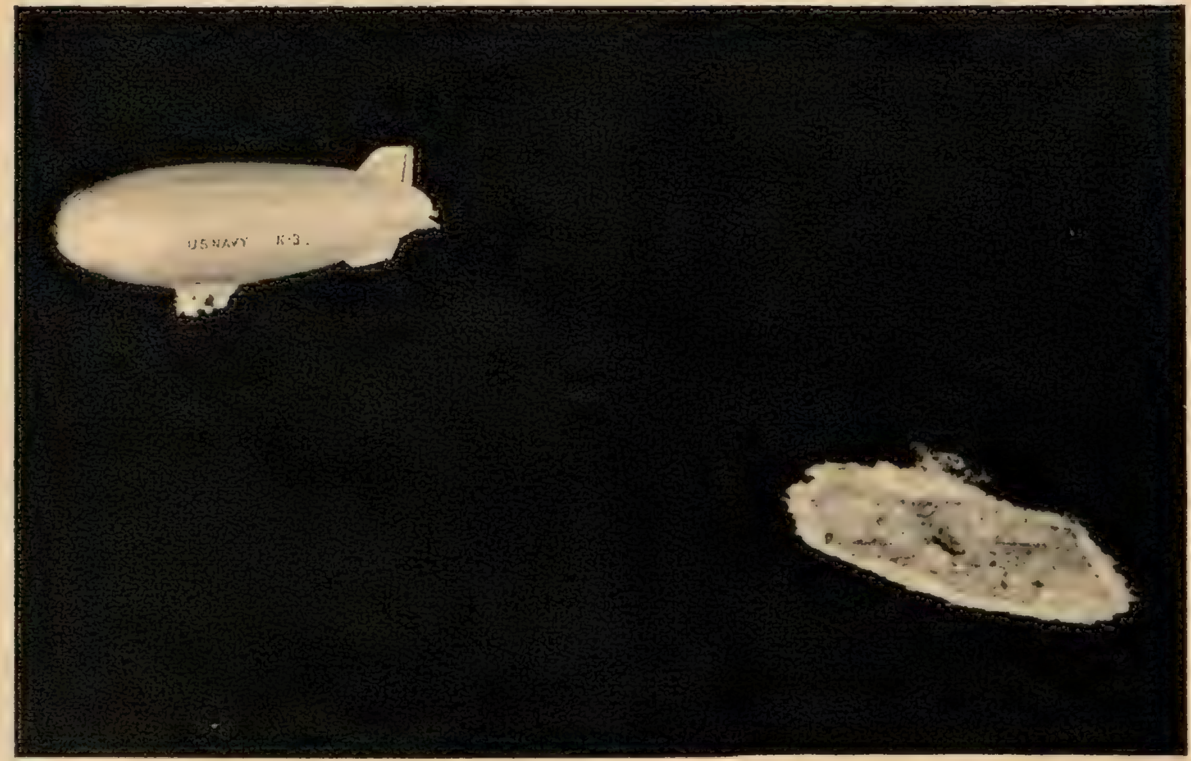
And not one of the 2,000 surface vessels under blimp convoy was successfully attacked by an enemy submarine!

Unfortunately for England, the picture has been changed by the development of the airplane. Her coasts are within easy striking distance for Stukas and Messerschmitts, and admittedly a blimp is a shining silver mark for any heavier-than-air craft. It would be an easy target, too, for the antiaircraft guns of surface warships.

But the worth of all weapons, offensive or defensive, is relative. Ski troops are of no value in tropical islands, but no one would deny their usefulness to the Russians. The blimp has its very definite place in the American scheme, with 5,000 miles of coast line inviting, so far, only the undersea raiders. The surface warships of the biggest of two-ocean navies could not prevent Axis submarines from penetrating their screen and committing costly depredations outside our busy harbors—or, as was the case in World War I, from laying mines along our coasts.

The blimps can't stop the U-boats from coming, either. But they can make American waters uncomfortable

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO



Having sighted a suspicious-looking oil slick, this "rubber cow" dropped a depth bomb.

U.S.NAVY G-1
NAVY

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

Lighter-than-air antidotes for the U-boat plague: A free balloon on the ground, a nonrigid airship taking off, the K-1 landing.

and dangerous for them, and can—as the navy laconically announced—cut down on the two-way traffic.

Operating submerged, a submarine may be sighted only in a limited number of ways. Its periscope must show, or the vessel itself must appear, due to broaching. Bubbles, escaping oil, disturbed mud in shallow water, or a shadow in the sea may betray its presence.

To the eyes of a surface warship's submarine lookouts, all these things are deceptive and fleeting. An expert submarine skipper needs only about ten seconds of periscope exposure to take a torpedo sight, and this brief exposure of a few inches of periscope at slow speed merely creates a feather of foam which looks like a million other whitecaps running along the sea if the surface is at all choppy. Unless the ocean is like a millpond, the submarine lookouts must attempt to keep their glasses trained on a suspicious spot despite the rise and fall of their own ship—a difficult thing to do.

The best view is from above. Submarines can be sighted up to depths of a hundred feet, depending on the calmness of the sea and on sky conditions. But a patrol plane's worth in this job is diminished by its own speed; the suspicious shadow is likely to be gone and far behind before the pilot has a chance to observe it.

This is where the blimp comes in. The modern "rubber cow" can make up to eighty miles an hour if necessary, which is no slow gait compared to that of either submarines or surface ships. But it also can fly backward or can hover—it can sit in the sky motionless for hours, if its crew needs that long to study a shadow which might not be caused by kelp under the water.

And if the shadow moves against the current, as no patch of seaweed would do, the blimp offers a steady gun platform from which depth charges can be dropped unerringly. Even with the world's best bomb sights there are bound to be misses from a speeding plane, but from a blimp bull's-eyes are a virtual certainty.

So far as submarines are concerned, the blimp is an offensive weapon indeed, with all the advantages. The submarine runs blind beneath the surface, depending upon its sound apparatus not only to guide it toward its prey but to warn of the approach of destroyers or subchasers. Unluckily for the sub, only the thump or whir of screws in the water can be heard, and the steady drone of motors in the sky might as well be a thousand miles away.

The periscope's vision is only lateral; it can't see up. By the time a submarine has surfaced and opened the conning-tower hatch to man its deck guns, a blimp has a very good chance of being directly overhead to drop bombs squarely down the hatch and spray the whaleback of the ship with machine-gun bullets.

Another bit of case history from World War I illustrates the value of the blimp, in its role as a specialist, in comparison with any other type of craft:

One blimp skipper "sat" in the sky for several hours watching a suspicious-looking spot of oil on the sea. He knew that the oil could have been pumped from the bilges of a freighter that had passed that way—and he also knew that submarines frequently lose oil when they expel it from ballast tanks to adjust the trim. There was no shadow visible beneath the murky sea, and finally the blimp captain's patience was exhausted. He was about to move on.

Just then the oil spot moved, became a streak, and made a sharp turn that was contrary to the vagaries of the tide.

The blimp let go with depth charges. Copious quantities of oil and debris came to the surface when the disturbed water had fallen back into place.

Accordingly, the blimp was credited with the certain destruction of a submarine.

Another British blimp patrolled the area near a newly torpedoed vessel for six hours, keeping watch for the submarine and awaiting a chance to rescue survivors. The U-boat suddenly surfaced several miles away, with no idea that danger was near. The blimp was over it, dropping bombs, before it could make a crash dive.

Again, one sky crew sighted a wooden crate gliding along the surface, dropped low for a closer look, and found the box caught on a periscope. That U-boat, too, was sent to the bottom.

The blimps have the better eyes for the detection of undersea prowlers, but they don't have to depend on vision alone. Blimps can drop listening devices into the water, trail them, and hear the noise of submarine screws just as the subs can hear those of surface ships.

They can always summon destroyers to the scene if there is any doubt about their being able to finish off the submarines themselves.

Tacticians of our navy who favor blimps for special jobs—and there are many tacticians and many jobs in this state of affairs—declare the nonrigids superior to airplanes for convoying ships outside of actual war zones where enemy planes may be encountered. This superiority is attributed to the blimp's ability to cruise at low speeds and over long ranges.

THE air-keeping ability of today's rubber cow is far greater than that of its ancestors which did such good service in the first World War time.

The navy's K-2, which has a gas volume of more than 400,000 cubic feet, can cruise in excess of forty hours. Before the war it made a 2,200-mile flight from New York to Cape Charles Light and return, during which it remained aloft more than thirty-three hours.

Such a blimp could be refueled from ships of the convoy itself, thereby acquiring an almost unlimited cruising range. But when hostile planes appear, the blimp crews would be priority candidates for the suicide squad unless they were assured of the protection of fighter planes. For planes, after all, remain the best weapon against their own kind.

The blimp, however, is not so delicate as its nonrigid type of construction might indicate. America is fortunate in having the world's only adequate supply of helium, a gas that is noninflammable. Incendiary bullets through the gas bags of our blimps wouldn't do a great deal of harm; they'd have to strike the gasoline tanks to destroy the ships. The gas bags are built on an intercellular design, and it would require many bullets to cause a really serious leakage of helium.

There is also the trick of an air-filled ballonet inside the gas bag. When the sun comes out and expands the gas, the blimp crew doesn't have to valve out the precious helium, as the pilots of free balloons had to valve out gas in county-fair days. Only the air in the ballonet is forced out by the expansion.

On the other hand, when the blimp is dropping to lower altitudes or operating in falling temperatures, as at night, the gas contracts and more air is pumped into the ballonet to equalize the pressure.

The "useful" nonrigid airships of more than 400,000 cubic feet volume are more than three times the size of the blimps you've seen cruising over a football stadium to advertise something or other. They are not to be confused with the giant rigids with which this country—and Britain and Germany too—had such tragically bad luck.

The ill-fated dirigible Hindenburg contained 7,000,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas and was 800 feet long. Our new blimps are some 250 feet long and stand seventy-six feet high. They are twin-engined, and can lift some 25,000 pounds. Subtract the dead weight, and there is still enough lifting power for a sizable load of live munitions.

A blimp of this size carries a crew of eight men who can cook and wash, send and receive radio messages, take and develop photographs. There are machine guns for armament; even light cannon can be carried. There are no wings to obstruct the view from the control car. The ship can climb to some 8,000 feet for long-range scouting on a clear day, or to take advantage of concealment above the clouds. But for stalking submarines—the most exciting game in the world today—an altitude of a few hundred feet is plenty.

Blimps have little fear of stormy weather. They have operated consistently when planes were grounded, and when—in the words of their enthusiastic crews—"even the birds were walking." If necessary, they can alight on the sea, drop a sea anchor, and ride out waves that would shatter the stoutest flying boat. Turning back again to the smaller blimps of the last war, the British records show that from January 1, 1918, until armistice eve, ten months later, the weather kept blimps on the ground for only nine days out of 314.

OUR own K-1, back in 1935, triumphed over January weather in flying out from the New Jersey coast to search for survivors of the steamer Mohawk, which had been sunk in collision. The K-1 located the drifting lifeboats, found bodies of victims and pointed them out to Coast Guard craft, and finally accomplished what an airplane had failed to do in locating the submerged wreck of the ship itself.

Captain Charles E. Rosendahl, U. S. N., draws a wartime conclusion from the mission successfully performed by the K-1. If blimps can locate and aid in the recovery of bodies at sea, he points out, they certainly can be of value in spotting and destroying mines that mine-laying submarines may plant in our coastal waters.

If they can find the submerged hulk of a vessel sunk by collision, they can sight submarines.

Captain Rosendahl and a few others may be credited with salvaging our navy's lighter-than-air program from the wreckage of the Shenandoah, the Akron, and the Macon. The training of lighter-than-air crews which went forward at Lakehurst during the time when facilities were extremely limited, and when all but a few people in this country had lost faith in lighter-than-air ships, large and small, assured the navy of a nucleus for its current expansion in the nonrigid field.

There is something evangelistic about the lighter-than-air enthusiast. For years Captain Rosendahl and others have been hammering away, attempting to drive home their belief that the airship has a special job to do along American coast lines.

Nor do they consider forty-eight new ships a sufficient number—England had 190 in the last war, or one for every twenty-two miles of coast, while ours would have to cover a hundred miles per ship even if it were possible for them to stay up on continuous patrol.

The submarines have come to America, and doubtless will be coming as long as the war lasts. There are many more of them than infested the seas in 1918, and they are vastly improved.

The figures for a few months of submarine operations off the Atlantic coast in the last war show that we lost a round hundred vessels and that more than 400 men were killed. Now history is repeating itself—not on one coast but on two.

Airplane attacks are more spectacular, but data of shipping losses in the first year of this war show that the submarine is still far and away the greatest enemy of surface craft, with mines ranking second. Of 551 ships sunk in that twelve-month period, 237 were destroyed by submarines, 187 by mines, and only 127 by the dreaded dive bombers. Considering that Axis Powers will deliberate a long time before dispatching warplanes to raid our coasts, we may expect an even higher percentage of shipping losses to result from submarine attacks.

Which brings us back to the blimps that Britain can't use this time but which America can and is using. Ask any lighter-than-air enthusiast. He won't tell you what the blimps have done so far in the battle against the U-boats, but he will tell you what they *can* do.

AFTER all, what else can perform the feats of a rubber cow? What other ship can hover in the sky to watch a shadow, and bomb it when it proves to be a submarine, or light on the sea to pick up survivors or ride out a blow?

What else can fly backward, or shut off its motors and drift with a favorable wind when fuel is low?

What other craft can cruise over a mine field, exploding the mines by gunfire or bombs, without risk to itself?

The answer is that the blimp is supreme in its specialized task. And when the navy is ready to tell what happened to some of those Axis submarines it has hinted made a one-way crossing, the blimps and the men who fly them are certain to come in for a share of the glory.

(Continued) HOW WE CAN LICK THE U-BOAT MENACE

COAST GUARD

It's part of the U. S. Navy now . . and already it has drawn the enemy's blood

BY MORRIS MARKEY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ON the morning of November 3, 1941, there went out from Washington, by radio and telegraph, a singularly terse message:

"Plan One. Acknowledge."

It was addressed to 22,000 particularly tough-fibered Americans, and they knew instantly what it meant. On ships at sea and along lonesome beaches, in lighthouses and aboard lightships, and in harbors from Greenland to Alaska they looked at their companions and nodded.

For with those three words the United States Coast Guard had become, by Presidential order, a part of the United States Navy.

It was certainly no new experience for the Coast Guard. The same thing has happened every other time the United States has gone to war. Whenever there has been an enemy to fight, whether Spaniard or Mexican, French privateer or pirate from the Barbary Coast, the Navy has always said: "We need the Coast Guard—and quick!"

In time of peace the Coast Guard is under the direction of the Treasury Department, though it also does work for the State Department and the Departments of Commerce and the Interior. When war comes, and it goes into the Navy, it is not relieved of a single one of its regular duties. It simply takes on more work.

In essence, it is the police department, the handy man, the sleepless friend in need to our entire maritime existence. It has 600 commissioned officers; 800 warrant officers; 20,000 enlisted men, 3,000 of them new since Pearl Harbor; 4,000 civilian personnel.

It mans 267 cutters, ranging from 65-foot boats for work in shallow waters to 327-foot seagoers which mount 5-inch broadside batteries; 229 picket boats; 50 seaplanes; 3,000 small boats. It maintains 244 life-saving stations at the lonelier and more dangerous points on our coast line, also about 500 lighthouses and 39 lightships. Last year these men, with this equipment, saved 9,330 lives, and saved from destruction ships which, with their cargoes, were worth more than $88,000,000.

OFFICIAL COAST GUARD PHOTO

Always ready—that's the Coast Guard's motto. Doesn't this sentry typify it?

One of the original duties of the Coast Guard was to give protection against smuggling of contraband goods and of undesirable aliens. There is not much smuggling now. But there are aliens—particularly undesirable ones. They go, these days, by the names of spies and saboteurs.

On the Pacific and Gulf coasts and all along the Atlantic seaboard there are countless miles of lonely beach and shingle. And the Coast Guard must watch them. It must know what vessels are lying out at sea, likely to slip over a small boat some dark night. It must watch the shore line from its patrol boats.

The most dangerous stretch of our coast, from this point of view, is the shoreline of Florida. More innocent-appearing fishing boats from the Caribbean islands are now wandering among the Florida keys than ever have done so before. What vile human cargo may be hidden under the deck coverings of some of them only the Coast Guard knows. But the Coast Guard does know. It has put up a screen which has not yet been penetrated. It has thousands of miles of wire lines and countless radio stations. And the slightest unusual happening is instantly reported.

Already, in the few months it has been a working part of the Navy, the Coast Guard has drawn the enemy's blood—and spilled some of its own.

Its craft have patrolled the North Atlantic sea route *and have played their part in the hunt for submarines.* And one of its own fine cutters, the Alexander Hamilton, has been sunk by torpedo. That was near Iceland, in February. The Hamilton was towing a crippled freighter when the torpedo crashed into her amidships.

The cutter was blasted almost in half. But it is in the official report that her crew, "most of them newly enlisted men making their first trip to sea, conducted themselves like steady, unruffled Navy veterans." The loss of life was small, particularly because of that calmness and of traditional Coast Guard courage.

For the report continues: "Seaman Howard Wolfe of Wisconsin and four other men were trapped in a dark companionway. All were severely burned by steam. Although parts of Wolfe's hands and arms were burned away, he struggled with the compartment's doors and succeeded in freeing himself and his companions, who apparently were hurt even worse."

In March the President turned over to the Coast Guard entire responsibility for training 50,000 men and 15,000 new officers for our swiftly growing merchant marine. All the schools and the personnel were put under Coast Guard command. And the Coast Guard has taken over the chief duties of the Bureau of Marine Navigation and Inspection—which means that it will make all future inspections of merchant ships for safety and navigation rules and equipment and for all matters pertaining to crew welfare.

You may be sure the Coast Guard has not grumbled over the new wartime duties it must assume, now that it is a part of the Navy. It is proud of them—and of the wartime promotion of its commander, Russell R. Waesche, to the rank of vice-admiral.

THE END

HAS THE NATIONAL LEAGUE A PET JINX?

BY FREDERICK G. LIEB

NEW YORK
BKLYN
BOSTON
CHICAGO
PITTSBURG
PHILA.
CINCINNATI
ST. LOUIS
Zadig

ILLUSTRATED BY ZADIG

It's All-Star game time again . . . and once more a troublesome enigma of baseball raises its head

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

As the venerable National League nears midseason, one wonders what its pet jinx has in store for it in the crucial games which lie ahead. That there is such a jinx, in vital struggles with the younger American League, there can be no doubt. Otherwise, how can one explain all that's happened in the last thirty seasons?

Ford Frick, youthful National League president, looked like a man who had been granted a reprieve a year ago, while ten years tumbled off the shoulders of his veteran predecessor, John Heydler, now chairman of the board. The jinx had given Ford quite a pushing around in his first five years in office—five World Series setbacks. Then came that happy season of 1940 when the Nationals got away with an exhibition All-Star game for charity in Florida, the regular All-Star game in St. Louis, and the World Series. Frick fondly hoped he had seen the last of the league's evil jinnee (or, as some call it, genie). But the imp had merely taken a season off.

Jinnee with those dark green eyes was doing business at his old stand, under Bill McKechnie's bench in Detroit last July, when the National Leaguers apparently had the 1941 All-Star game safely tucked away. Frick's players were leading, 5 to 3, in the ninth; the bases were full with one out, and red-hot Joe DiMaggio was up. Joe slapped a speedy double-play ball down to Eddie Miller, the senior league's shortstop. Miller snapped the ball to the usually reliable Billy Herman at second, and it seemed all over—and then the jinx took a hand. Baffled a moment by Cecil Travis coming into second, Herman's peg to complete the double play went wide of its mark, pulling Johnny Mize's feet off first base. One run crossed the plate, but the Nationals still were one run to the good with two out.

An American League toughy, Ted Williams, was the next hitter. Claude Passeau had struck out Ted in the clutch in the eighth. Now Ted was up for his last lick. McKechnie might have given him a walk, taking a chance on Lou Boudreau, Cleveland shortstop. Or he might have called in the veteran southpaw Carl Hubbell to pitch to Williams, a left-handed batsman. The jinx whispered in Bill's ear: "No! No! Let Passeau stick it out and let Williams hit." And Ted did hit, almost over the rooftops, and three pairs of American League feet danced happily over the home plate. Final score: Americans, 8; Nationals, 5.

Then came the World Series between the Yankees and the 1941 Dodgers of Destiny. What a feat if the Dodgers could set the Yankees back on their regal tail feathers! Maybe there was a chance, but that imp of misfortune camped in the Brooklyn bat rack. Take the first game. The Dodgers were trailing, 3 to 1, when they uncorked what had the earmarks of a real rally. With nobody out, Lavagetto was safe on an error and scored on singles by Reese and Riggs. One run in, nobody out, two on, and Ruffing wobbling! Wasdell, a dangerous hitter, went up to bat for Casey. All season long Wasdell had known all the Dodger signals. Now Durocher flashed the play: "Hit the first, and if you miss, bunt the second." Wasdell missed the sacrifice sign completely; he swung twice, fouled off two balls, and promptly was in the "two and nothing" hole. He raised another foul, which Rolfe caught, and the imp whispered to Peewee Reese, perched on second: "Look, nobody is covering third base. Why don't you go down there?" But

Phil Rizzuto ran over, took Rolfe's throw, and Peewee was erased. So, instead of having two on with nobody out, the Dodgers had two out and only a man on first.

After Brooklyn tied up the series by winning the second game, the gallant veteran Freddy Fitzsimmons fought off young Marius Russo, Yankee left-hander, to a 0-0 score for seven innings in the third game, and then Fitz nearly had a leg blown off by a terrific line drive. Hugh Casey, insufficiently warmed up, was smacked for two runs in the eighth, and the Yankees won, 2 to 1.

BROOKLYN'S defeat in the fourth game was Jinnee's perfect job. With the Dodgers leading, 4 to 3, in the ninth, two out and nobody on, Tommy Henrich swung and missed a third strike and from all appearances the game was over. But the malevolent jinnee put Mickey Owen's catcher's glove at such an angle that the pitch hit the edge of it and caromed into foul territory, the surprised Henrich streaking down to first. A crafty thought flitted through Durocher's brain: "Maybe I should take Casey out after this; he's probably fit to be tied." But Jinnee countered: "Aw, shucks, Leo. Only a man on first and two out. Hugh can handle it." Hugh Casey handled it so well that the Yankees scored four runs, and a few days later the club owners turned back a quarter of a million dollars for unused tickets for a canceled sixth game.

Since they started modern World Series play in 1903, the American League is ten up in victories—twenty-four scalps to fourteen. Those terrible Yankees have won eight series since 1927, five of them clean sweeps, winning thirty-two games and losing only four for a percentage of .889. Yet before the Yankees won their first pennant in 1921, the American League already had amassed a World Series lead of eleven to six. With the tenth All-Star game coming to Brooklyn this year, the American League margin is six games to three. As for the Chicago City Series, the record is eighteen victories and one tie for the White Sox in twenty-five series.

OF late, some have even dubbed the National a "new minor league," which isn't fair. Perhaps at one time the American League club owners were more energetic and a little freer with their money. However, over the past forty years the American League may have had a few more top-ranking stars than its rival, but only a few.

Then what's the answer? It's that green-eyed jinx, which began making mischief three decades ago, way back in 1912, when the two leagues were even in series victories with four apiece and the Giants and Red Sox were tangled in a furious eight-game series. Prodded by McGraw, the Giants came from behind to tie the series. The eighth and deciding game saw Christy Mathewson opposed to Hugh Bedient and Joe Wood. The game was tied after nine gripping innings, but the Giants forged ahead, 2 to 1. Then it was that Jinnee quietly slipped into Fenway Park, Boston, and clamped himself on them and on the National League.

Pinch hitter Clyde Engle was the first Boston batsman in the Sox half of the tenth, and he drifted an easy fly to Fred Snodgrass, the Giant center fielder. Fred had to stand out there and wait for it. The ball dripped through his hands. There still was a good chance for Matty to save the day; but Hooper was retired on a fly ball, Steve Yerkes walked, and the great Tris Speaker lifted a gentle foul a few feet from the first-base coach's box. Any grammar-school player could have nabbed it. First baseman Fred Merkle and the Indian catcher, Chief Meyers, gathered around it. Jinnee whispered to them, and the ball spilled on the ground between them. The rest was up to Speaker. Given another life at bat, Tris singled Engle home on the next pitch, also sending Yerkes to third, from which Steve scored shortly afterward on Gardner's long fly.

A year later, when the Giants and Athletics met for the third time, the National League jinx got off to a head start, disabling two New York regulars, Snodgrass and Merkle, on the eve of the series. To complete the job, Meyers, the regular catcher, had a finger broken in the first game. Good as the Athletics were, is it any wonder that the Giants dropped this series, four games to one?

WITH the exception of 1914, the American League kept winning fairly regularly after that. In 1917 the Giants waged another game uphill fight, this time with the Chicago White Sox. Leading practically all the way in the fifth game, when the series score was tied, two games apiece, they let it fritter away when McGraw was slow in removing Slim Sallee, his starting pitcher. Then, when New York tried to tie up the series in the sixth game, played at the Polo Grounds, Jinnee really turned in his masterpiece. The White Sox won, 4 to 2, and the three Chicago runs in the fourth inning were all on Jinnee.

After that the "pet" jinx knocked off for a few seasons, but it was back in the National League dugout in 1923 and 1924. Needing the sixth game to tie the 1923 series with the Yankees, the Giants led, 4 to 1, in the eighth, when the usually reliable Artie Nehf walked two pinch hitters on eight straight balls. Rosy Ryan was rushed in and struck out Babe Ruth with the bases full, but Bob Meusel hit a high bouncer over Rosy's head. It dribbled out to center field, where it was kicked around by center fielder Cunningham, and by the time the Giants put out the fire the Yankees had five runs, the ball game, and their first World Series.

Jinnee showed up with an entirely new bag of tricks when the Giants played Washington in 1924. They were leading, 3 to 1, in the eighth inning of the seventh and deciding game when Bucky Harris hit a grounder which took a high hop over third baseman Lindstrom's head and drove in the tying runs. With one out in the twelfth, Muddy Ruel raised an ordinary high foul behind the plate. Catcher Hank Gowdy, after tossing his mask away, stepped into it, and it clung to his big brogan like a bear trap. While he was trying to shake the mask loose, the ball dropped to the ground. Ruel followed with a double. Jackson fumbled Walter Johnson's roller, and then Earl McNeeley hit another sharp grounder down to Lindstrom. Again Freddy stooped to pick it up. The ball hit that same pebble and climbed over Lindy's head, Ruel scoring the run which won for Washington.

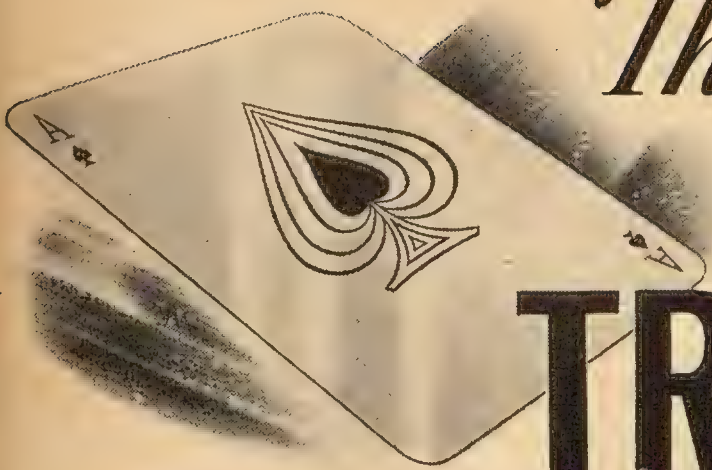
AT one time or another, Jinnee has invaded all of the old league's clubhouses. There was the time in Cleveland, in 1920, when Clarence Mitchell, Brooklyn pitcher, hit into five putouts in his last two times at bat, Bill Wambsganss' unassisted triple play, and a double play. When the Yankees led the Pirates, three games to nothing, in 1927, John Miljus tried to stave them off with a brilliant ninth-inning stand in the fourth game. Called in to relieve Carmen Hill with none out, the score tied, and two Yankees on base, the Serb intentionally passed Ruth, filling the bases, and then struck out Gehrig and Meusel. Pitching to Lazzeri, he let fly a cross between a wild pitch and a passed ball—and the Yankees had won their first "four straight" World Series.

Two years later Jinnee put the whammy on Joe McCarthy when he was leading the Chicago Cubs in their warfare with the Athletics. With the A's ahead two games to one, Joe thought he had the series all tied up, when Charley Root carried an 8-0 lead into the seventh inning of the fourth game. Then, with the aid of a three-run trick homer by Mule Haas, the Mackmen scored ten runs. The Jinnee coached Hack Wilson, Cub center fielder, to come in for Haas' line fly instead of backing out for it, and it rolled to the deepest corner of the Philadelphia lot.

McCARTHY switched to the American League in 1931, and now he has Jinnee working *for* him. There was that last game of the 1939 Yankee-Red series in Cincinnati, when the Reds were in front, 4 to 2, in the ninth, only to have shortshop Billy Myers muff a double-play ball at second, enabling the New Yorkers to tie the score. Billy erred again in the tenth, and Lombardi took his famous snooze at the plate, three Yankees pouring over to win, 7 to 4.

Even when it came to placing great players in one major league or the other, Jinnee has been in there pitching against the National League. What a difference in the last decade if Gehrig, Joe DiMaggio, and Hank Greenberg had worn National League uniforms—as each one of them very nearly did!

THE END



The 14TH TRUMP

Another death—and Mona tells her story . . . Is the real murderer trying to frame an innocent girl?

BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN Mona Lewis was arrested for the murder of a man named Quigley, Danny Coyle, a square-shooting Broadway gambler who would bet on anything as long as he himself could make the odds, was drawn into the case in spite of himself. Mona Lewis was the fiancée of Terry Reardon, a congressman heading a special committee investigating the local district attorney, Calvin Buckler. Coyle was betting eleven to five that Buckler would be removed from office. To protect his bets, he had to try to clear Mona because of her connection with Reardon. Claude ("Harvard") Donovan, his bodyguard and right-hand man, acted for Danny, who was stoutish and didn't like to move around much. Helping Harvard—and sometimes hindering him—was Jane Rain, who was bent on marrying him some day.

The case against Mona seemed open and shut. She was found on the scene of the crime, in Quigley's room at the Hotel Donnelly, the revolver in her handbag had been fired, and the bullets removed from Quigley's body had come from that revolver. Moreover, she refused to talk—except to say that she had not shot Quigley, that he was an old friend whom she had dropped in to see, and that he was dead when she entered the room.

When Harvard went to see her, she at first wouldn't give him any more information than she had given to the police. But finally she said, "I could get out of this if you'd lend me four thousand seven hundred and twenty-two dollars and fifty cents."

Danny furnished the money and Mona instructed Harvard to take it to Lowery Kent, proprietor of the Times Square Club. In return, Kent would give him Mona's I O U for a gambling debt. Harvard suggested that the club might have won the money dishonestly, but Mona insisted on paying.

THE Times Square Club was in an old brownstone. Standing across the street, Donovan saw that, while the shades were drawn from top to bottom, there were cracks of light showing from every window.

He walked over and up the steps to the front door. There was no bell. He turned the handle and went in.

The foyer was dim and empty; but from the floor above he could hear a steady hum of voices, the clicking of shuffled cards.

A girl in a black dress with white collar and cuffs came from his left out of a small anteroom.

"Check your hat and coat, sir?"

"No, thanks. I'm only staying a minute."

No questions. No membership card required. Apparently you could walk upstairs without credentials. Donovan walked.

The partitions on the second floor had all been removed to make one large room running the full depth of the house. There were perhaps twenty bridge tables set up, most of them occupied.

Nobody came forward to speak to him or to ask him what he wanted. At the front end of the room was an area set aside for nonplayers; a few softer chairs, a lounge, end tables. It was deserted except for a girl who was sitting in a corner of the lounge, feet up.

She was a very improbable girl. Her red hair was improbable. Her blue eyes were theatrically mascaraed and shadowed, her lips and fingernails an extravagant scarlet. She wore what passed as a street dress, but it was cut so low that Donovan couldn't help staring.

"If you want a good look, bud," the girl said in a throaty voice, "I take all my clothes off five times a day at the Bijou, admission forty cents, including tax!"

"Sorry," Donovan said.

"You'll have to get up early to land a front-row seat," the girl went on. "All the morons like my stuff."

"Hadn't you better go to a neutral corner till I get on my feet again?" Donovan asked.

"Forget it," the girl said. "You don't happen to have a cigarette, do you?"

"Sure." He handed her one, bent down to hold a match.

"You a regular here?" he asked.

"Sort of," the girl said.

"Then maybe you can point out Mr. Lowery Kent to me."

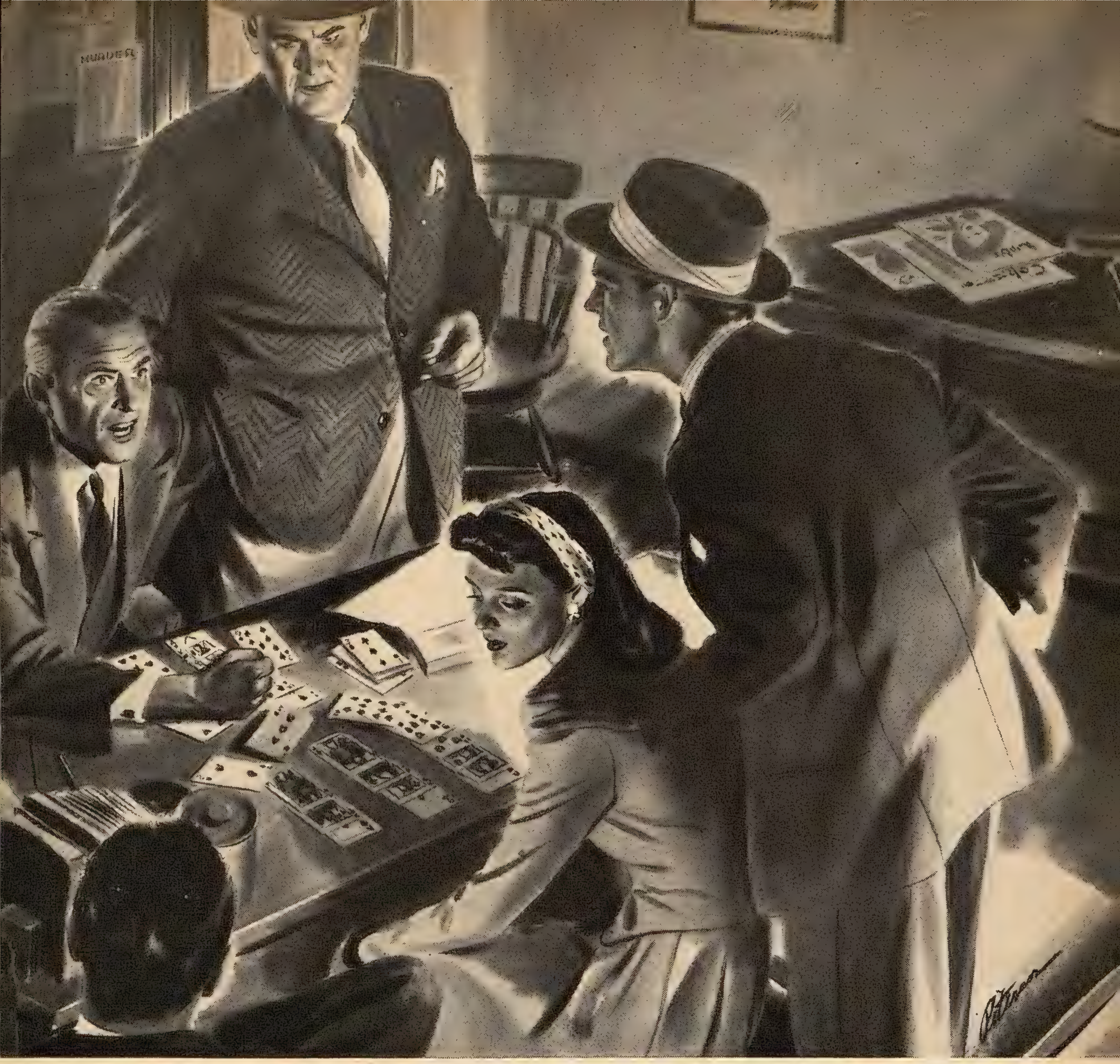
"If you want credit, the answer is no," the girl said.

"Strange as it may seem, I don't want credit. I just want Mr. Lowery Kent."

The girl turned her head to look down the length of the room. "He doesn't seem to be around," she said. "However, you're about to get attention. O'Higgins is dummy."

Donovan followed her glance and saw a dark, slim-waisted man in a dinner coat coming toward them.

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON



"Damn it, congressman, I have every reason!" Moran countered. "I'm a policeman and I have to deal with facts."

"He looks more like a tango specialist than an O'Higgins," Donovan said.

"Manuel O'Higgins," said the girl. "His folks discovered Bolivia or something. Most of the Irish has drained out of him. Don't play bridge with him unless you're good, bud."

"Thanks," Donovan said.

O'Higgins arrived. His was the widest, whitest smile Donovan had ever seen. It was strictly pasted on for effect, since his eyes were shrewd, penetrating, and unamused.

"You are looking for a game of bridge, sir?" he asked. He had no accent. Only something in the inflection of his voice suggested his Spanish background.

"No," said Donovan. "I'm looking for Mr. Lowery Kent."

"Ah!" said O'Higgins. "So sorry. Mr. Kent is not here this evening."

"I'll wait," Donovan said.

"It would be quite useless," said O'Higgins.

"Even if I wanted to pay him some money?"

"Ha-ha," O'Higgins laughed. "Most amusing. It might make a difference. Oriole, would you take the gentleman to the private office?"

"What can I lose?" the girl said. She got up from the couch, and Donovan was disconcerted to discover that her figure was even more improbable than it had seemed in a reclining position. "This way, bud," she said.

She led the way out to the hall.

"Oriole what?" Donovan asked.

"Oriole Brown," she said. "What's your name?"

"Bud," said Donovan.

"O. K., bud." She paused outside a closed door. From within came the drumming of a very hot swing band. Oriole opened the door.

Another tall dark-haired man, this one with a completely dead-pan face, turned away from a radio-victrola.

"That was an old-timer," he said. "Shim-me-sha-wabble. Miff Mole's band with Red Nichols on the trumpet, Gene Krupa at the drums, and Frank Teschmaker on the clarinet. Let me play you a part of it. Teschmaker plays a thirty-two-bar amodal dissonant solo that'll curl your hair, baby."

"This guy wants to see Kent," Oriole said. "This is Joe Kling, bud. As you can tell, he's quite wacky."

That, Donovan thought, might be, but Joe Kling was prepared for any eventuality. Donovan was an expert at spotting the kind of tailoring that is built to cover shoulder holsters.

"What do you want Kent for?" Kling asked.

"To pay him some money," Donovan said.

"I can handle that," Kling said, and went over toward the desk in the angle of the wall.

"Sorry," Donovan said. "Just Kent can handle this."

Kling halted on the way to the desk. His arms hung loosely at his sides, but Donovan saw that he kept rubbing the tips of his fingers with the ball of his thumb.

"I said I could handle it," he said.

"Sorry," Donovan said again.

Oriole made her way with a sinuous show-girl walk to the victrola. "Say, Joe! Here's that Bessie Smith Baby Doll record. I haven't heard it in ages."

"Yeah," said Kling. His eyes, like shiny black buttons, were fixed on Donovan. "Yeah. Joe Smith on the cornet and Fletcher Henderson at the piano." He gave the information automatically.

The music started, and Oriole Brown, leaning against the machine, sang softly with the record:

"I want to be somebody's baby doll,
So I kin get my lovin' all the time.
I want to be somebody's baby doll,
To ease my mind;
He kin be ugly, he kin be black,
So long as he kin Eagle Rock and Ball
the Jack.
I want to be somebody's baby doll,
So I kin get my lovin' all the time—
I mean, to get my lovin' all the time."

KLING'S fingers had stopped twitching. "She ought to be vocalizing with somebody's band," he said matter-of-factly, "instead of taking off her clothes for those cheap mugs on Forty-second Street."

"I agree," said Donovan.

"The other side's good, too," Oriole said. "Young Woman's Blues." She started the record quickly and began singing again:

"Woke up this mo'nin'
When chickens were crowin' for day;
Felt on the right side of my pillow—
My man had gone away . . ."

"Turn that off, Oriole," Kling said.

"O. K., Joe," she said. "But you always like that one. I thought—"

"I got business to do with our friend here. Sit down, friend."

Donovan felt his muscles bracing. "When do you expect Kent?" he asked.

"I don't expect him, friend. Sit down."

"I'll come back later," Donovan said.

"That may be," said Kling. "But before you leave this time, you said you had some money to pay. I'll take it, friend."

"I'm buying something," Donovan said. "I don't think you've got it to sell."

"What is it?" Kling asked.

"An I O U signed by Mona Lewis," Donovan said.

Kling drew his breath in between his teeth. "You got the dough to pay off her debt?"

"If you've got the I O U," Donovan said. "If you haven't, I'll come back when Kent's here."

Kling's right hand had moved upward and was patting the satin edge of his coat lapel. "I tell you what you do, friend. You sit right here a minute, and maybe I can find what you want." He got up and passed around Donovan to the door. "Amuse our friend, Oriole." He went out. Donovan could hear his rapid footsteps descending the stair. And then Oriole Brown was clutching his arm.

"Well, are you going to stand there like a cluck," she asked, "or are you going to get out while you can?"

"You mean walk right downstairs into his arms?"

"There's a back stair," Oriole said. "I'll show you."

"You'll be in trouble if you do," Donovan said.

"With my morals?" she said bitterly. "For heaven's sake, move, bud, will you?"

She led him along the corridor. "This takes you clean down to the basement and out into an alley between buildings. Burn your shoe leather, chump, or you'll wish you'd never been born."

"I'll be seeing you," Donovan said.

She grinned at him crookedly. "The Bijou, five shows a day," she said.

The stair was dark, but there was a handrail. Donovan moved fast. Only a fool tries to face out a situation where the odds are hopeless.

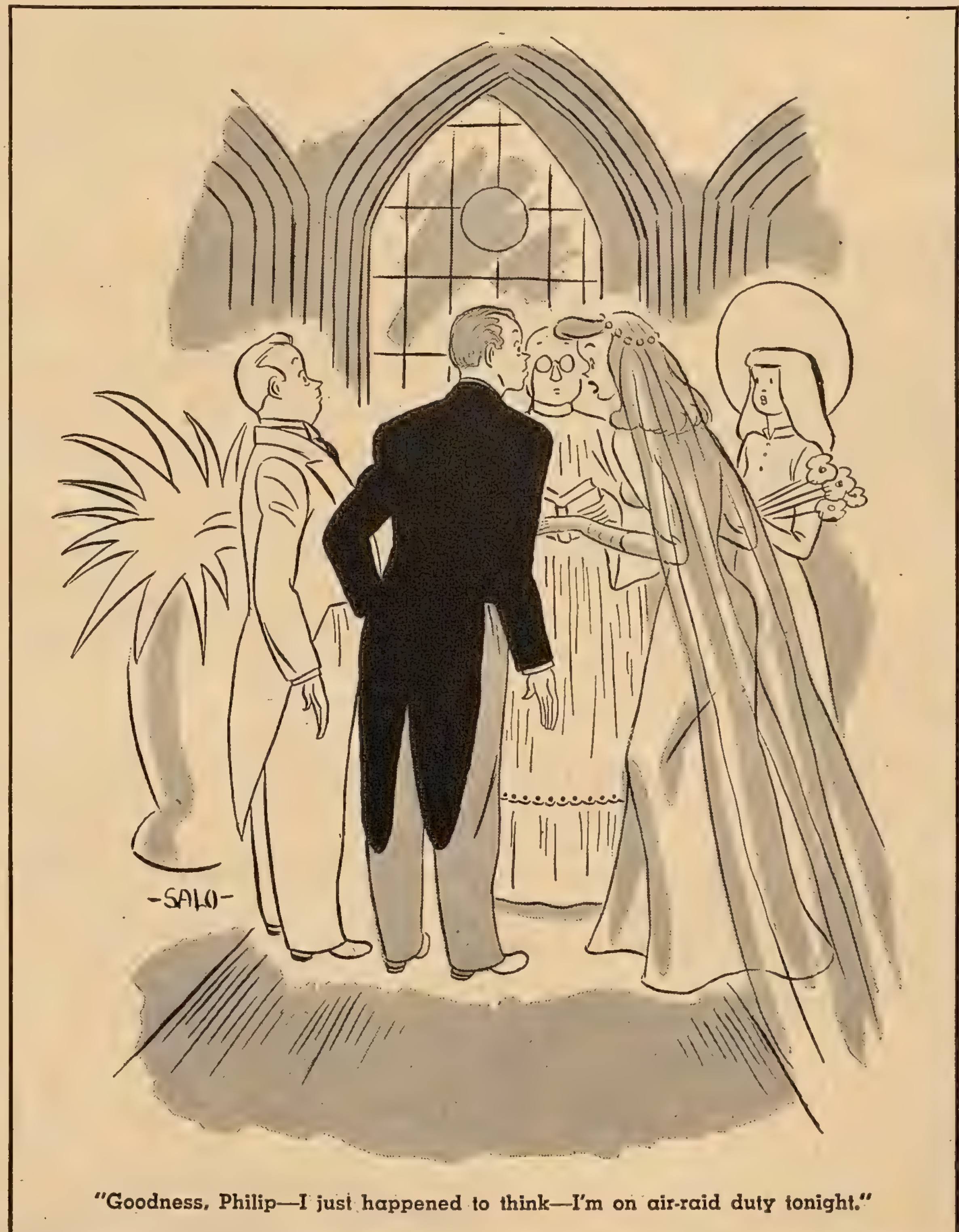
He reached the main floor without mishap. There was a door across from the foot of the stair, which he opened, and nearly broke his neck as he plunged down steps as steep as a ladder. He was in the basement. Light from the street filtered through a dusty window. Another door—and he was in the open.

He ran along the alley, out onto Forty-sixth Street, and into a good-sized crowd which blocked the sidewalk and had overflowed out into the street itself. The wail of an ambulance siren cut through the chatter of the crowd.

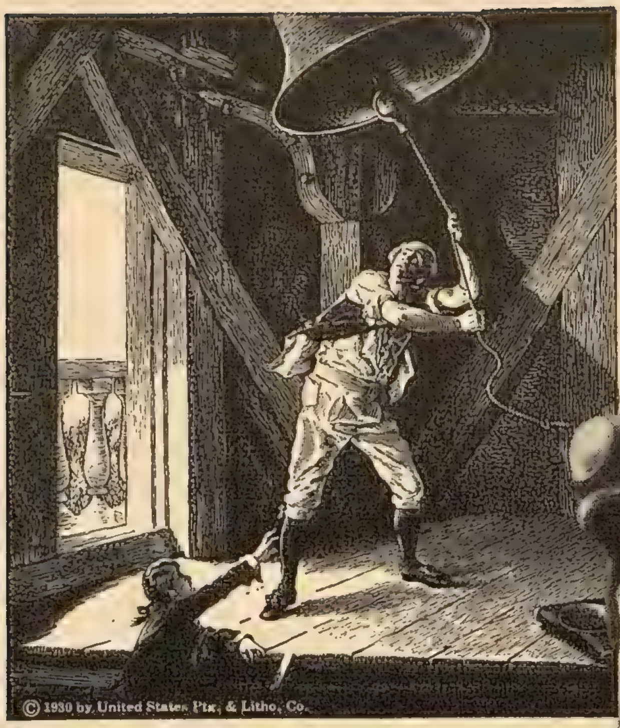
As he reached the inside fringe, Donovan saw the man in the gutter, bloodily dead.

A uniformed cop was trying to disperse the crowd. He came abreast of Donovan. It was Grady, the traffic officer from Forty-fifth and Broadway. He often dropped into Coyle's when he was off duty.

(*Continued on page 28*)



"Goodness, Philip—I just happened to think—I'm on air-raid duty tonight."



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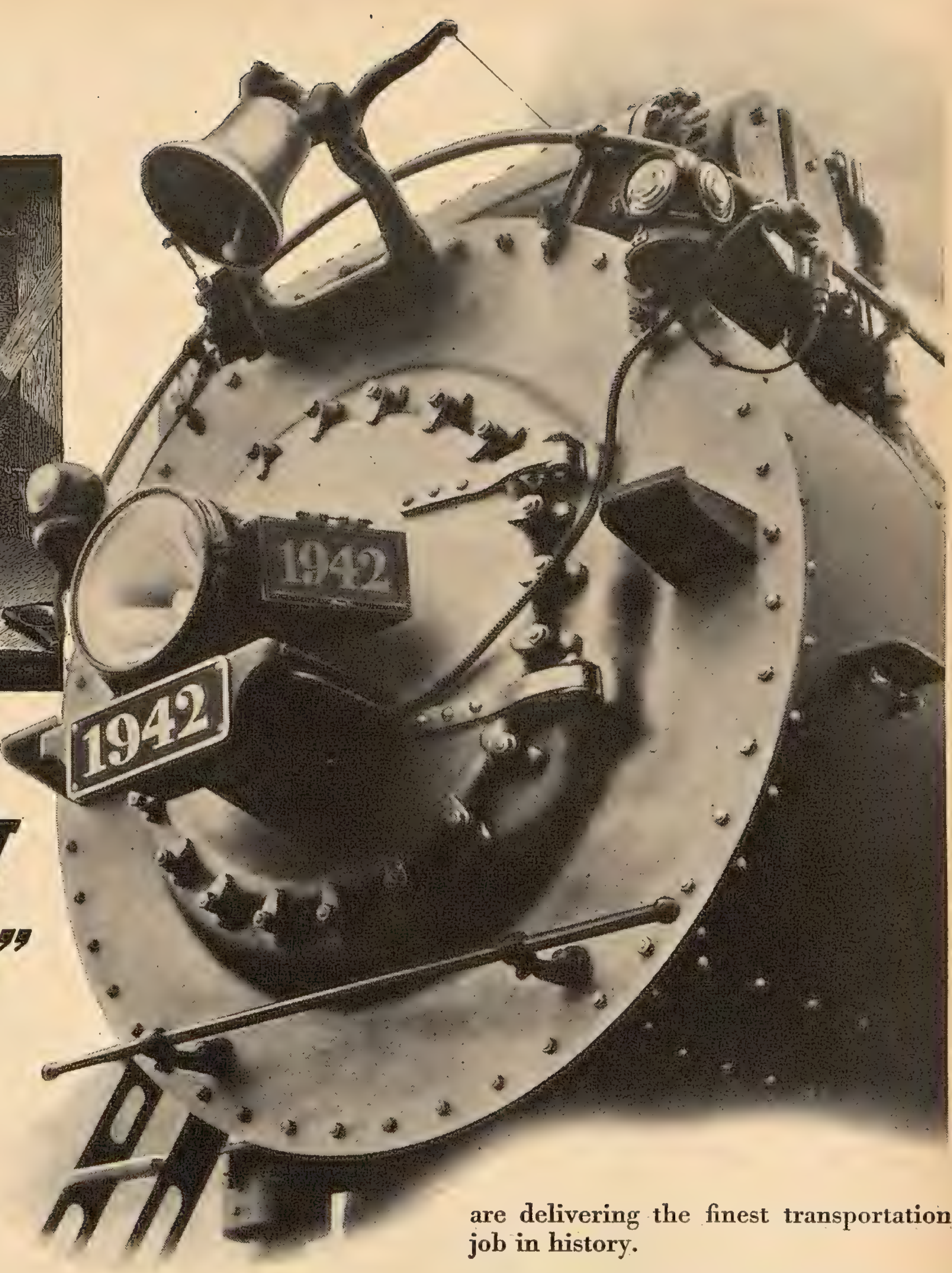


"KEEP 'EM RINGING"

THE Liberty Bell is ringing again—throughout this militant land.

But it's not just one bell that rings today.

Tens of thousands of them are clanging "right of way for the U. S. A." as the troop trains roll, as freight trains bring together at the war plants every sort of raw material, and as they speed tanks, guns, planes and munitions from assembly lines to our fighting forces.

For the bells of America's locomotives—locomotives moving a million tons of freight a mile for every minute of the day and night—are Liberty Bells of 1942.

To do their part in keeping this "War of Movement" rolling, the railroads have enlarged their plant and increased the efficiency of their operations.

Today railroad equipment and railroad men are delivering the finest transportation job in history.

The size of that job is constantly increasing as ships are withdrawn from domestic service and as rubber-tired traffic turns more and more to the rails. To handle a growing job, railroads have bought and built more cars and locomotives, and would like to get still more. Other national needs for critical materials, however, have made it impossible for them to get as much new equipment as they would like. But you can count on it—the railroads will make the best use of what they have and what they can get. You can count on it—they'll keep up their all-out effort toward the great objective—to keep America working, to keep America fighting, to keep America free.

UNITED FOR VICTORY

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

KENNELS
PETS
WATCH DOGS FOR SALE
HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Help—police—*holdup!*"

(*Continued from page 26*)

"Hello, Mr. Donovan! Nasty business," he said.

"Hit and run?"

"Yeah. Private car, according to witnesses. Never even slowed down, the murderer!"

Donovan nodded toward the dead man. "Know him?"

"Not me," said Grady. "Papers on him identify him as a guy named George Harmon Lewis."

DONOVAN'S mouth felt dry and cottony as he saw the ambulance surgeon turn away from the body of Mona's father and heard him say to his driver: "This one's for the meat wagon, not us, Bill."

Donovan drew a long breath. "I think you could get yourself in good if you wanted to, Grady," he said.

"How's that, Mr. Donovan?"

"Call Homicide, get Inspector Moran, and tell him about this. He'll be interested. Well, good night."

"Good night, Mr. Donovan. Say hello to Danny."

Donovan walked up Broadway to Coyle's. He went through the board room and into the office. Coyle was at his desk. Reardon was there with him, and he turned eagerly to Donovan.

"We've been waiting for you, Harvard!"

Donovan glanced at Coyle. The gambler's eyelids closed and then opened again. Reardon didn't know the facts.

"What happened? Wouldn't Mona tell you anything?" Reardon asked. "I waited for you to call all afternoon. Our hearing just broke up."

"She wouldn't tell me anything about Quigley, Terry." Which was the truth.

"Any luck?" Coyle asked casually.

"No," said Donovan. "But I've got news. Mona's father was run over and killed about twenty minutes ago."

"George Lewis!" Reardon cried. "But, Harvard, he's in Chicago."

"He's under a red-checkered tablecloth in the gutter on Forty-sixth Street, waiting for the morgue wagon," Donovan said. "Right in front of the Hotel Donnelly."

"So!" said Coyle. He sat very still, his eyes hooded in thought. Donovan made signs behind Reardon's back. Coyle sighed.

"I guess we can't keep Terry in the dark forever," he said. "Mona wouldn't give Harvard any information, Terry, but she did ask a favor of him."

"What kind of favor?"

"She wanted to borrow money."

"But why didn't she ask me? What kind of merry-go-round is this, Danny?"

"Easy, son. It seems she owed quite a large sum of money—forty-seven hundred-odd dollars, to be exact—to some one. She said if she got the money she could clear herself. Harvard took it to her. Perhaps we'd better hear what happened."

"Plenty," said Donovan. He told them about Mr. Lowery Kent, the I O U, and his visit to the Times Square Club. "And while I was taking it on the lam," he concluded, "somebody knocked over George Lewis right in front of the place. It's next door to the Donnelly."

"Not a healthy neighborhood," Coyle said.

Reardon was bewildered. "Mona lost forty-seven hundred dollars playing bridge?"

"Plus twenty-two dollars and fifty cents!" said Donovan.

"But where does Quigley come into it?"

"No light on that subject yet," Coyle said. He rummaged in a desk drawer and came out with several booklets. He thumbed through them. "It's not a recognized club. No affiliation with the American Contract Bridge League or any other reputable organization. An outlaw. They spring up like mushrooms around the city."

"Outlaw?"

"No responsible supervision. Any one can walk in and play, including mechanics and hustlers. Did you know Mona gambled for high stakes, Terry?"

"No," Reardon said in a dull voice. "I'd better get to her. It'll be pretty tough if some hard-boiled cop breaks the news about her father. Why didn't she ask *me* for the money?"

"Have you got it?" asked Coyle reasonably.

"Not in cash. I could have raised it." Reardon's smile was dry. "Congressmen only get ten thousand a year, Danny."

"Sometimes I think they're grossly overpaid," said Coyle. "Terry, I'd like to go with you. I think Mona may talk."

"She never killed Quigley," Reardon said. "I know it."

"As a matter of fact," said Coyle, "I don't think she did, either. I think she thinks she knows who did, though."

"Who?"

"Papa," said Coyle.

THERE was an embarrassed silence in Moran's office. The inspector, Coyle, and Donovan were in a huddle at one end of the room, trying to ignore Terry Reardon, who held Mona in his arms. A storm of uncontrolled weeping was gradually subsiding.

It was several minutes before she crossed the room. Reardon's arm was around her shoulders.

"I think," Reardon said, "that Mona is willing to answer your questions, inspector."

"I—I'm sorry I fell apart," Mona said.

"That's all right," said Moran gruffly. He moved over to his desk. "I'm sorry to keep the heat on, but I must."

Reardon got a chair for Mona. "You'd better sit down, darling." He settled her beside Moran's desk; lit a cigarette for her. A male stenographer appeared and took up his place at a small table near the window.

"I—DON'T know where to start," Mona said. "I guess maybe with father. You see, he was in terrible difficulties, inspector. Financial difficulties. He has—had his own firm in Wall Street. He specialized in foreign bonds and securities. When the war came, almost every one wanted to liquidate their foreign holdings. Things were going so badly, I'm afraid he—he used some of the funds of the investors to try to keep his own head above water. Nobody knew—nobody but me. It was awful! Father's books were straight enough, but he was borrowing from those who still kept their accounts active. If there was much more selling, he was done. His only chance was to raise some cash, and quickly. That's why he went to Chicago. He had friends there he thought might be willing to help him."

"Go ahead, Miss Lewis."

"That's the—the background of everything," Mona said. "One night about a month ago father and I were to meet Terry at Sardi's. While we were waiting Terry had us paged. He was tied up in a meeting. He said it would be an hour or an hour and a half before he could join us. He suggested we have dinner without him, but we said we'd wait. Remember, Terry?"

"Yes."

"We didn't want to just sit there in Sardi's, so we went out and started walking around. Two blocks away we saw a sign on a house. It was the Times Square Bridge Club. Father loved cards and so do I. We went in."

"You didn't get the impression your father knew the Times Square Club?"

"Oh, no; he'd never been there before."

There was a low groaning sound from the corner of the room. It came from Coyle, wedged into a maple armchair. He looked as if he were suffering, but he waved to Mona to go on.

"Well, we went upstairs to the card room. A Mr. O'Higgins came over and asked us if we wanted a game. We said yes. He said, quite frankly, that he was a house player and that since we were strangers we might not want to play with him. Father laughed and said we'd take a chance. So Mr. O'Higgins asked a woman there to make a fourth. The stakes were reasonable—a quarter of a cent a point. We played, rotating partners, for about an hour and a quarter, and father and I each won a few dollars."

Coyle groaned again. His eyes were tight closed, however, and he said nothing.

"Mr. O'Higgins laughed and said we should come back again so he could get revenge. That was all there was to it. Then we went to meet you, Terry."

"So you and your father went back to give Mr. O'Higgins his revenge," Moran prompted.

"Not father. But I did. I played in a number of games with different people. I won and lost small amounts—but I won a little more than I lost."

Another groan from Coyle.

"Well, there were some games where the stakes were high—ten cents or even a quarter a point. One day Mr. O'Higgins asked me if I'd make a fourth at one of these tables. I said I couldn't afford it. He said I needn't play for more than I wanted; he'd carry me. So I did. It was a twenty-five-cent game, and when we finished I'd won fifteen hundred dollars! I mean, I would have won that much if I'd played for the regular stakes. Actually my winnings were fifteen dollars. But Mr. O'Higgins insisted I take the larger amount. Well, father needed the money, so I took it."

"Baksheesh!" Coyle muttered.

MONA glanced at him. "I had visions of being able to bail father out by playing in those high-stake games. I had the capital to play now. So—so I took a flyer. And I was lucky. I was finally about twenty-five hundred dollars ahead. Then, one night, I held a terrific hand. I had four spades clear whether I got help from my partner or not. Mr. O'Higgins doubled and I redoubled."

"Mississippi," said Coyle in a weak voice.

Mona was startled. "How did you know?" she said.

"Oh, Lord!" said Coyle, and shut his eyes again.

"I don't know how Mr. Coyle knows, but O'Higgins said, 'I wish we were playing Mississippi style.' I asked him what it was. He explained that it meant you could redouble as many times as you pleased. I had this hand cold, inspector, so we tried it. We redoubled each other four or five times. Then I played the hand and made it easily. I'd won thirty-five hundred dollars on that one hand!"

"Judas! A year's pay!" Moran muttered.

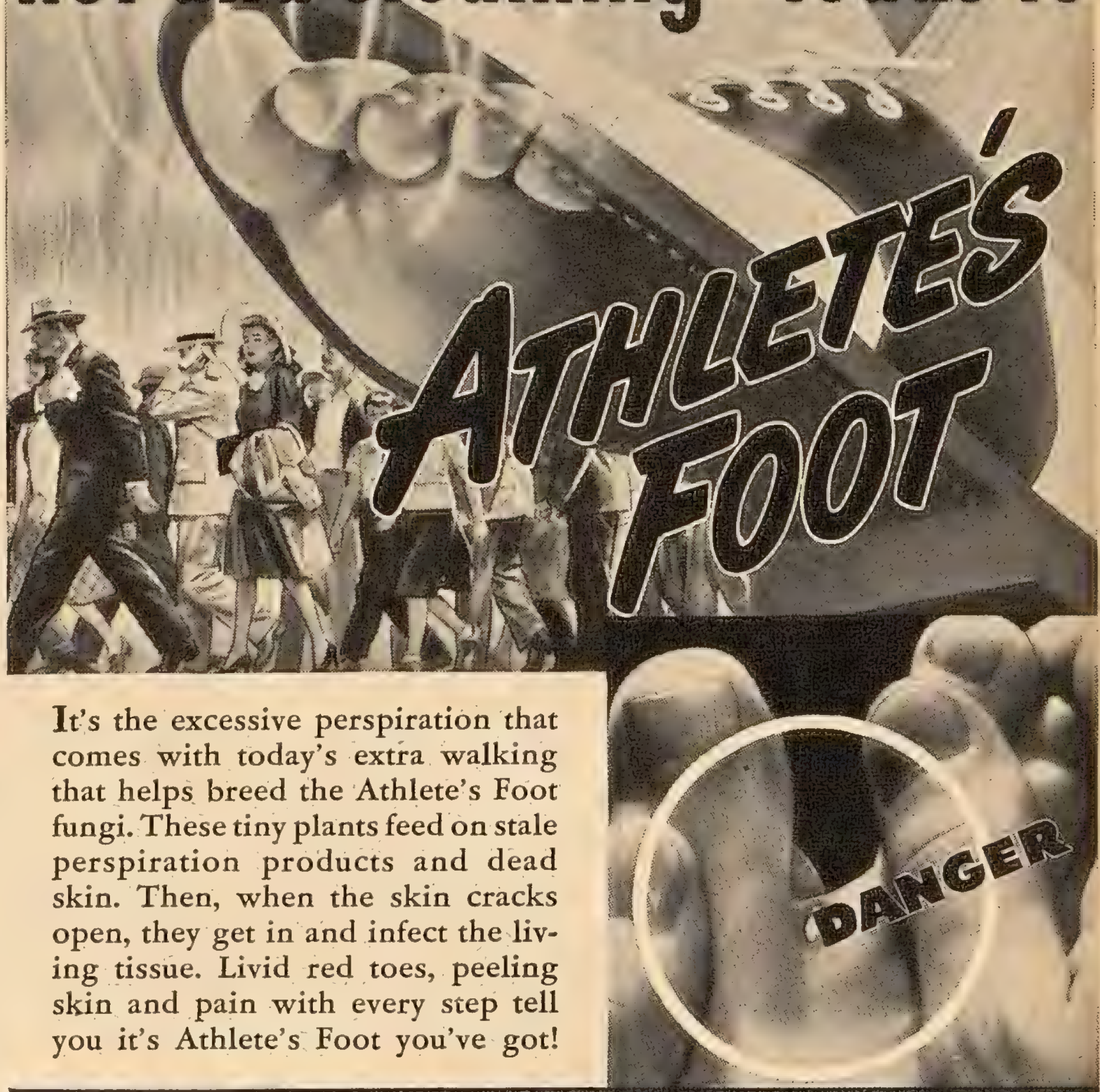
"Then somebody suggested that we ought to keep on playing Mississippi style the rest of the evening. It suited me. I didn't see how I could possibly get hurt."

"Let me tell the rest," said Coyle, ignoring Moran's glare. "A little while later, Miss Lewis, you held the hand of all time. I can tell you exactly what it was."

Mona's eyes widened.

"You held," said Coyle, "the ace, king, queen, and jack of diamonds; the ace, king, and queen of clubs; and

Wartime Walking makes feet hot and steaming—leads to



It's the excessive perspiration that comes with today's extra walking that helps breed the Athlete's Foot fungi. These tiny plants feed on stale perspiration products and dead skin. Then, when the skin cracks open, they get in and infect the living tissue. Livid red toes, peeling skin and pain with every step tell you it's Athlete's Foot you've got!

Look for Cracks—*soak them TONIGHT*

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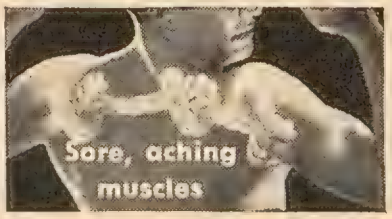

Tired, burning feet

Insect bites

the ace, king, queen, jack, ten, and nine of hearts. No spades. Am I right, Miss Lewis?"

"Almost," said Mona. Her face was pale as wax. "I had the jack of clubs instead of the jack of diamonds."

"Everybody passed up to you," said Coyle. "Then you made a demand bid of two hearts."

"Of course."

"You'd have been a fool if you hadn't, under ordinary circumstances. Then O'Higgins doubled. Right?"

"Yes. Naturally, I redoubled."

"And then you went to the races, Mississippi style!" Coyle said.

"That's right, Mr. Coyle. We redoubled each other eight or ten times. Then we played the hand."

"And you went down two, to the tune of about ten thousand bucks," said Coyle. He heaved himself up out of the chair and came over to Moran's desk. He had pulled the deck of cards from his pocket. "Just so you'll get a picture of it, boys, here's what Mona was up against." He laid out cards on the desk.

Mona's Partner
O'Higgins   O'Higgins' Partner
Hearts: 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
Spades: A K Q J 10 9
Diamonds: Void
Clubs: Void
Mona
Hearts: A K Q J 10 9
Spades: Void
Diamonds: A. K Q
Clubs: A K Q J

"IT'S a very pretty gimmick if it's nicely worked," Coyle said. "O'Higgins leads a spade. Mona trumps. If she leads out trumps, O'Higgins has the odd one and takes all his spades. If she leads a club or a diamond, he trumps and leads another spade. Mona takes her six heart tricks, no more. Lord, it has whiskers on it!"

Mona stared as if the cards on the desk were ghosts. Moran was pushing at them, trying to find some way to beat the set-up.

Coyle laughed mirthlessly. "Bridge offers more opportunity for dirty work than any other card game I know. And the biggest fallacy of all is that if three people are known to be honest a fourth can't possibly cheat them. The truth is that one man or woman who knows manipulation can lone-wolf any table of bridge very profitably."

"How?" Moran asked.

"Remind me to give you a demonstration sometime when we're not investigating a murder," Coyle said. "At the moment I'm interested in hearing the rest of Mona's story."

"Until this very minute, Mr. Coyle," Mona said in a shaken voice, "I didn't dream there had been anything crooked. Even what happened afterward—"

"What did happen?" Moran asked.

"I was pretty sunk. I'd lost forty-five thousand points and owed nearly five thousand dollars. We quit playing and all had a drink. I took Mr. O'Higgins aside and told him I—I didn't have that much in my checking account; that it would take me a few days to raise it." Mona laughed. "A few days! He was very nice about it. He said I could just sign an I O U and take care of it at my convenience.

"Well, there wasn't any way *to* take care of it! I couldn't go to father. He didn't have it. I thought of fantastic ways of earning it. Finally I—I—"

"Went back to the club," said Coyle.

"Yes. I told Mr. Kent, the owner, it would still be a few days before I could meet my obligation. He said all right. And I—I started to play again, in the low-stake games.

"Then, maybe a week later, Mr. Kent called me into his office. I knew what was coming. I told him the simple truth: that I didn't have the money. He suggested that father could easily straighten things out for me. I told him the truth again: father didn't have a dime."

"Blow number one!" said Coyle.

MONA shook her head. "He didn't seem upset. He said father could raise it. I told him I couldn't go to father. He said in that case he would have to. I—I was desperate. I begged him not to. He was really very sweet. He said the truth was he was only a front for the real owner. He said that if I were to go to the real owner and explain my predicament perhaps I could get more time. Of course I agreed. He said to come the next day about seven thirty and he would have arranged an appointment for me. That was yesterday."

She hesitated, and Reardon tightened his arm around her encouragingly.

"I had a lot of wild ideas," she said. "I thought if I couldn't persuade this owner I might threaten him."

"With your gun?" Moran asked.

"Yes."

"You stated before that you always carried that gun. Why, Miss Lewis?"

"It was really to please father. Once some one who'd lost in the market attacked father and me as we were coming home from the theater. Father bought me the gun after that."

"Go on," said Moran.

"I got to the club at seven thirty. Mr. Kent said he'd made an appointment for me at eight thirty. I was very nervous. An hour seemed like forever. I cut into a game. At twenty minutes past eight Mr. Kent took me aside. He said the owner's name was Quigley. That he lived next door at the Donnelly in suite 15A. At eight thirty I was to go to the Donnelly and straight upstairs without announcing myself. He said Mr. Quigley would be expecting me."

"Try to remember every detail, Miss Lewis."

"Yes." Mona's voice was beginning to tremble again. "I kept my eyes glued to the clock which is on the wall at the club. At about twenty-seven minutes past eight I got my purse and gloves and left. I went to the Donnelly, and walked straight across the lobby to the elevators. I got into a car with a number of other people. When I got out, I went along the corridor till I came to the door of 15A. I knocked, and didn't get any answer. Then I saw the door wasn't fastened. I thought Mr. Quigley was out of his room—that maybe if I went in I'd find my I O U. I pushed the door open—"

"Easy, darling," Reardon said.

"He—he was lying there on the floor. I stood there—only seconds—and then started to back out of the room. It was then that the house detective and the bell captain appeared and arrested me."

"You didn't take your gun out of your purse?" Moran asked.

"No."

"Then how do you account for the fact that Quigley was shot with it?"

"I can't account for it."

"The ballistics experts don't make mistakes, Miss Lewis."

"I can't help it. I didn't use my revolver then or any other time."

"Maybe we'd better start over," said Moran grimly.

"I've told you the truth," Mona said.

"Why did you refuse to tell it before, Miss Lewis?"

"I couldn't," Mona said. "Don't you see? If it got out that the cause of it was money, all father's clients would have jumped down on him before he had a chance to cover himself. I preferred to have you think anything—anything you chose."

"I don't see how you expected to get away with it," Moran said. "The people at the bridge club would come forward with the explanation."

"Would they, Moran?" said Coyle. "It's some twenty-six hours since Quigley was killed. Where is Mr. Lowery Kent?"

Moran looked at his friend for a moment. "I can answer that," he said. His gray eyes were cold. "The reason this Kent hasn't come forward is that there isn't a single word of truth in Miss Lewis' story!"

"NOW look here, Moran," Reardon flared. "You've no reason to—"

"Damn it, congressman, I have *every* reason!" Moran countered. "I've tried to play ball with you and Miss Lewis on Danny's account. But I'm a policeman and I have to deal with facts."

Coyle was standing by Moran's chair. "Mind if I ask a couple of questions, Moran?"

"The sky's the limit," said Moran. "Maybe you can get it out of her."

"Mona, you say you got to the bridge club about seven thirty last night?" Coyle asked.

"Yes."

"As soon as you got there, Kent said he'd made an appointment for eight thirty?"

"Yes."

Coyle took an envelope from his pocket. "Lend me your pencil, Moran. I'd like to list these times." From his vest pocket Moran handed Coyle a clip pencil. Scribbling, Coyle asked: "Then you decided to kill time by cutting into a bridge game. That would have been about twenty-five minutes to eight?"

"Yes."

"Then at eight twenty Mr. Kent came to you and told you about going to Quigley's suite?"

"Yes."

"Then you waited till eight twenty-seven before you left?"

"Yes."

"What did you do in those seven minutes?"

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Kent brought me a cocktail."

"I see. Then you said, 'I got my purse and gloves and left.' Where were they?"

"Why—why, they were on a chair near the table where I'd been playing."

"Were you watching them all the time you played?"

"Why—no."

"Good. And when you started for the Donnelly, did you check to see whether your revolver was still in the bag?"

Mona hesitated. "Yes, I did. The revolver was there when I left the club."

"Look, mastermind," Moran said. "I see what you're driving at, and it won't work. You're trying to say that somebody took the gun while Mona was playing bridge, went over to the Donnelly and shot Quigley, came back and replaced the gun in her bag split seconds before she went to the Donnelly herself. That's crazy. Suppose she'd started even a minute ahead of time?"

"She couldn't have," said Coyle. "She was having a drink with Mr. Kent. He wouldn't have let her go till the gun had been replaced."

"And suppose they kept her waiting. Then the house dick and the bell captain would have got upstairs before Miss Lewis arrived."

"If the house dick and the bell captain are on the level," said Coyle.

MORAN laughed. "You'd better get Jake Horowitz to defend her," he said. "He's wonderful at building up fairy tales like this in court. Why should they frame Miss Lewis?"

"Why is any one ever framed?" Coyle asked. "So the guilty person doesn't have to take the rap."

"I can't swallow it," said Moran. "Incidentally, if you're through with my pencil, you might return it."

"What pencil?" said Coyle.

"The pencil you borrowed," Moran said. "I—" He had felt automatically at his vest pocket. The pencil was there, in place.

Coyle's smile was on the malicious side. "Of course, Moran, a gun is clumsier to handle than a pencil."

Moran looked sheepish for a moment.

"O. K., Danny," he said. "That was a nice trick. So what?"

"So string with us a little longer," said Coyle. "Will you admit, at least, that physically the switch was possible?"

"And that's all I will admit," Moran said. "Before it hangs together you've got to have a motive for Kent and his crowd murdering Quigley, *and* you've got to prove to me that Gleason, the house detective, was in on it. Unless he was, the timing was too good to be true."

"I agree," said Coyle. "Why don't we find out?"

COYLE, Donovan, Reardon, and the inspector rode uptown in Coyle's Cadillac. They parked outside the Times Square Club and climbed the flight of stairs to the second floor.

The card room was crowded. Mr. O'Higgins spotted them at once.

"I am afraid, gentlemen, there isn't a table left," he said. His smile went sickly as he recognized Donovan.

"We still want to see Kent," Donovan said.

"So sorry. Mr. Kent is not here."

"Maybe this will help," said Moran, and flashed his badge.

"He is still not here," said O'Higgins.

"Well, friend, I see you came back with an army," said a voice from behind them. They turned to face Joe Kling. "If you're looking for Kent, he's looking for you. Why didn't you tell me who you were when you were here?"

"Did it matter?" Donovan asked.

"No-o," said Kling. "One of the people playing here recognized you. I wouldn't've believed you'd've scared so easy, from what I've heard about you, friend. What did you think I was going to do to you?"

"You got a permit for that rod you're packing?" Moran asked.

"Why not?" said Joe Kling. He passed a wallet to the inspector. The gun permit was in plain view behind an isinglass shield.

"You might bring that up at your hearings, congressman," Moran said. "It's only respectable citizens who can't get gun permits."

"I don't like that crack, copper," said Kling.

"That breaks my heart," said Moran.

"Where's Oriole?" Donovan asked.

"Working," said Kling. "She sure played you for a country boob, friend, and did you fall! We laughed ourself sick at you zipping down the back stairs like a scared kid." His eyes slid to Coyle. "You're Danny Coyle, aren't you? I'm surprised. I wouldn't've thought you'd've put so much confidence in a guy who scares so easy."

Coyle said, "Where is Kent?"

"He said he was going up to your place to transact a little business. He's got that certain thing with him you're interested in buying."

"Let's go, then," Coyle said.

"If somebody says 'boo' to you sudden-like on the way home," Kling said to Donovan, "don't you mind, friend. You send 'em to me and I'll give 'em a talking-to. We can't have you running around with a permanent set of goose pimples."

Donovan sat hard on his temper. "I'll be seeing you, jitterbug," he said.

Will Coyle be able to get anything out of Lowery Kent? Can he prove that Mona's gun was used without her knowledge? Follow the winding course of this strangely tangled mystery in Liberty next week.

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THIS MAN'S WAR

This aviation cadet is about to test his night wings. His instructor points to signals.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

If any men on the mainland beef to you about their long hours of duty and work, just ask them if they would like to change their billets for ours—on an island off Australia. We have been here five months and there is nothing else to do but work. No mail for weeks and weeks coming in, and not much more going out because of lack of transport. Yet we are not beefing and we are interested only in doing our jobs well. How many soldiers with all facilities at their disposal can say the same?

Pvt. J. J. K.,
Somewhere-in-the-Pacific.

You know, soldier, I sorta envy you. I envy your ability to do a job that we old-timers can't do any longer. I envy your opportunity to see strange places "down under." Most of all I envy your spirit, which hasn't broken or even bent under tough conditions. The Japs can't lick *that*.

* * *

You'll be disappointed, Sarge, but I do *not* wish to register a complaint. True, I have my troubles. I'd prefer to be home enjoying the pleasures I was accustomed to, instead of which I'm stuck on a God-forsaken island in the middle of nowhere. But some one has to be here, and when I look over the situation and see how much worse it could be, my gripes seem out of order. The Army I'm in is the best fed, best clothed, best equipped, and best paid army in the world, and we're certainly a lot better off than our pops were in '17. "It's never so bad that it couldn't be worse" . . . and it's a lot better than that here.

Pvt. J. A. L., Iceland.

Nice goin' and lots of it. What I said above to the lad in the Pacific applies equally to you in the Atlantic.

* * *

Before induction I worked in a plane plant. When the war is over I'll have no job, as defense jobs will cease to exist. I haven't even a trade, except the work for which I was specially trained. Wouldn't mind if I were single, but I'm married and I hope to come back alive and kicking and looking for work to support my wife as well as myself. Has the government any plans, even tentative, for men like me? Or will the Army toss me out on my ear when this mess is cleaned up?

Pvt. W. H. S.,
Chanute Field, Ill.

Already the government is looking ahead to the day when men like you may need help in re-establishing yourselves. For example, plans are being made now for the Selective Service Boards to go into reverse and find jobs for the men they selected for the Army. And new industries will need millions of men for new jobs and new types of work. But don't think too much about "after the war"—there's a job to be done first which needs your undivided attention.

* * *

Recently this came up among some of us old-timers who served in the Siberian Expeditionary Force. How come, we wondered, a medal for service in the Army of Occupation in Germany and none for the Polar Bears? Surely Siberia was occupied, and after the Armistice there was even some action. I suppose there is a sound reason, and if you know it we'd like to hear via our favorite page in Liberty.

M/S R. S. S., Fort Benning, Ga.

Sorry, Sergeant, I don't know. Certainly, from the tales I've been told, the troops that served in Siberia rate a medal as much as the troops that took over Germany.

* * *

Is my understanding correct that officers and enlisted men of the armed forces are exempt from paying income taxes?

Sgt. B. R. W., Dallas, Tex.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1940 provides that past, present, or future income-tax payments, both federal and state, may be deferred, without interest or penalty, until six months after the termination of military service, provided that inability to pay is due to military service. But note that income-tax payments are not canceled, only deferred.

* * *

Since the rationing of sugar we have stopped receiving cookies, cakes, candy, and such from home. Can't parents with sons in service get ration cards for us? A box from home just once a month would be better than none at all, and there's nothing like it as a morale builder.

S 2/c R. J. W., San Diego, Calif.

So the Navy hasn't lost its sweet tooth. I agree that any amount of sugar in service food can't equal the little bit that Mom uses in doing her stuff. But if she can't get any more and can't spare what she has, then all you can do is take it out on the Germans and the Japs when you get a chance. Meanwhile, have you had a piece of that new hard candy specially prepared for and distributed by the U.S.O.? It's supposed to be good for that tired feeling and tickles the palate, too.

* * *

An officer was watching a private do everything but wrestle with an ornery and very agile Army mule.

The officer asked: "Has that mule ever kicked you?"

The panting private replied, "No, sir. At least, he ain't yet; but he frequently kicks the place where I recently was."

Holabird Exhaust.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

TO THE LADIES

WORK-JUMPERS OF CROWN TESTED RAYON "SALYNA."

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

SIX million of us will be wearing slacks this summer, so I'm told by Mary Lewis, Fifth Avenue fashion authority newly appointed as supervisor of women's and children's apparel for Sears, Roebuck and Co. Because of war's demands on our time and cash, a big increase in shopping by mail-order catalogue is certain. With Mary Lewis in charge, mail-order dressers can be sure they're in style; it's her job to see to that. . . . At her own smart New York store, which she'll also continue to operate, she gave me the latest facts about slacks. "The new ones," she said, "are much improved by being *section made*. Each worker specializes on one particular part of the garment, ensuring more careful cut and finish without higher production cost." I say, thank goodness we're going to have better low-priced slacks! . . . Factory bosses implore the style people to discourage girls' sweaters for work wear. Sweaters distract the men. Our wool shortage may take care of this, yet a new type of nylon sweater, made of waste material, is now coming out. Leather jackets promise to be popular by fall. . . . Another article of clothing that factory bosses don't want girls to work in is the overall with the drop seat. Playful men waste too much time slyly dropping wrenches, hammers, etc., down the back as they saunter by. . . . Born in Louisville, Kentucky, Mary Lewis has learned the customer peculiarities of all regions. She tells me Salt Lake City has more pretty girls per capita than any other town—and is the only place where a lot of men still wear two-piece union suits. Funny thing about Kansas girls: they don't like yellow dresses or yellow hats. Merchants can't understand why.

FOR the first time in theatrical history, candidates for the opera stage are asked now to turn up in play suits, with shorts, so the management can judge their legs and looks *à la* Ziegfeld. Society leader Mrs. Lytle Hull, sponsor of the New Opera Company, was directly responsible, I am told, for this praiseworthy effort.

TWO new books about shapes: Suzanne Silvercruys' art manual, A Primer of Sculpture (published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, $2.75); and Monty MacLevy's guide to slenderizing, Pounds Off!—including Dr. Walter H. Eddy's reducing diet (published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., $1.50). . . . Suzanne tells how to sculp handsome figures; Monty tells how to have one yourself. Both books very readable and practical.

A FRIEND of mine who has two children continues somehow to look like a sixteen-year-old kid in face and figure. Shorts are truly becoming to her and she enjoys wearing them, but she's afraid to be seen in 'em by her landlady, a grand old dame with no patience for newfangled nudities. When we go shopping in the small town where we spend our summers, if my friend has on shorts she slinks from corner to corner in terror of meeting the landlady. Runs smack into her every time—never when she's not in shorts, always when she is. Swears it's fate.

She is scared to death the old dame will refuse next season to rent her lovely cottage to her.

Such a panic!

PERFECT, to my taste, for a party luncheon in summer is this *Crab Meat Marina* as I saw it prepared by a navy wife at San Diego, California. Serve either in crab shells or individual fireproof dishes. . . . Crumble fresh soda crackers to make ¾ cup crumbs. Bread crumbs won't do; they're too soggy. Shred 1 green pepper and sauté in a little butter. Mix cracker crumbs and sautéed pepper with 2 cups shredded crab meat, ½ cup olive oil, 1 teaspoon mustard, 3 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce. Season with black pepper and salt. Fill shells with mixture. Top with bread crumbs and cover with tissue-thin slices lemon. Bake twenty minutes in moderate oven.

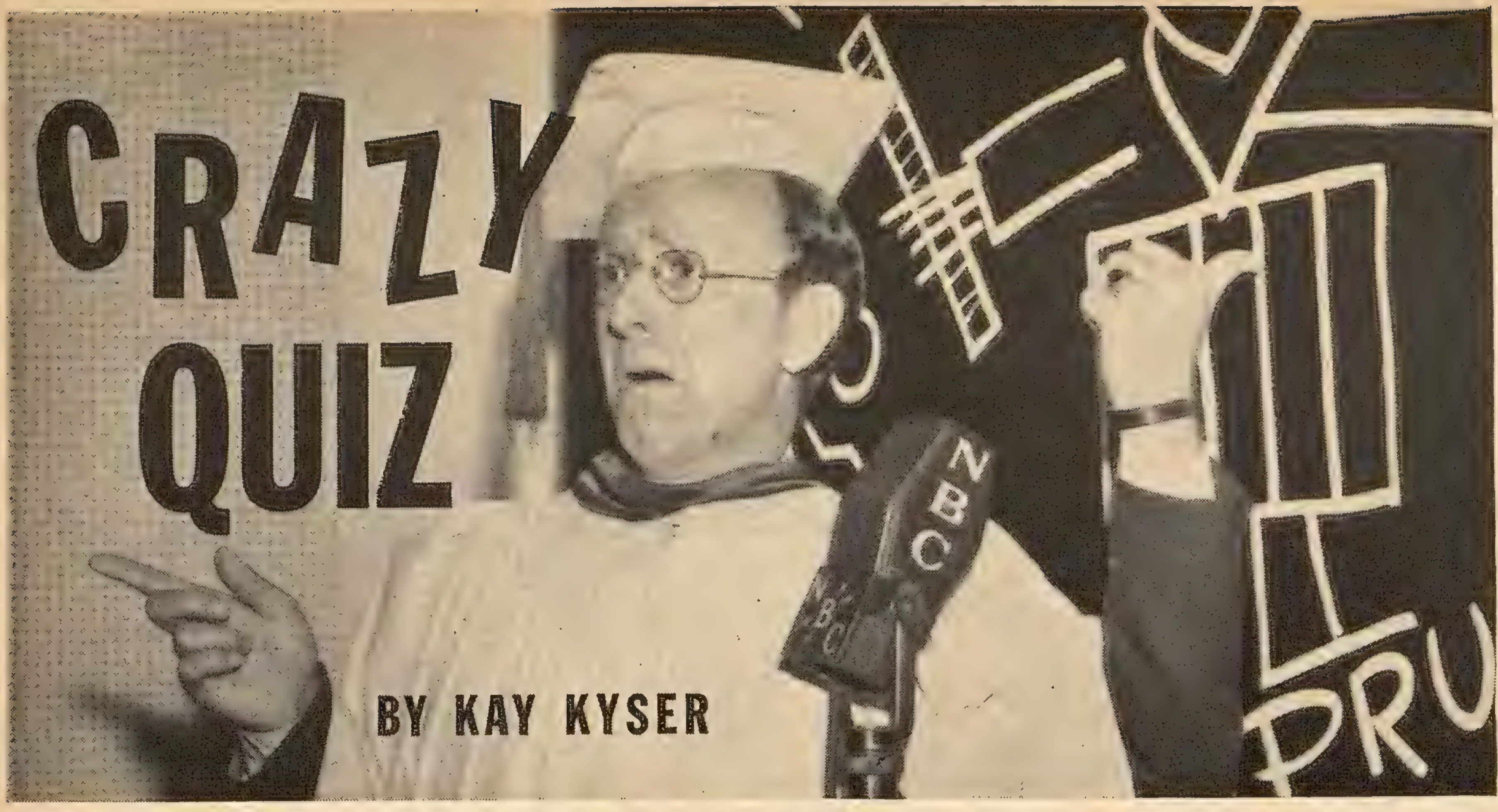
Melba toast on the side, and a salad of avocado slices dressed with Worcestershire.

SIGNING up for my sugar-ration card, I went to a Catholic parochial school to do it. Nuns of the Congregation of Notre Dame were in charge. The nun who attended to me was named Sister Ambrosius. Wasn't that nice? In our mixture of languages, Ambrosius means immortal sweetness—sugar without end. Sister Ambrosius was very sweet and patient with my clumsy answers to official questions. When at last she got through with me, she asked me to say three Hail Marys. I said them gladly, though I am not of the Roman persuasion.

CINDERELLA parties for service men are new. First one I heard about was given recently at the Hotel Woodstock, New York, by Francesca Webster of Detroit. Party starts with each girl taking off one slipper and putting it in the middle of the dance floor. Each man grabs a slipper and hunts among the gals to find its mate. That's how everybody gets paired off. Childish, but an icebreaker and saves general introductions.

CRAZY QUIZ

BY KAY KYSER



The famed Professor Kyser of the College of Musical Knowledge.

GATHER round, chilluns—all you gals and all you guys . . . just in case you think you're wise. Here are some questions for a crazy quiz guaranteed to leave you diz.

This'll be a tickler. That'll be a wheeze. Get out the pencils and beat your brains out on these.

All set, class? Here we go. Twenty minutes is par for the course.

1. How closely can you identify radio personalities with the products which sponsor them? O. K., then. See can you substitute their products for the personalities in this short short story. A dodo was invited to the general's house for dinner. The meal started with Amos 'n' Andy ———, included a salad made tastier with Bing Crosby ———, and ended up with a dish of Jack Benny ——— and a cup of Charlie McCarthy ———.

2. This one is a righter or a wronger. I want you to say right or wrong to the following:

(*a*) The cockpit is a place where roosters fight.

(*b*) Jimmy Stewart is a lieutenant in the Air Corps.

(*c*) Dirigibles are filled with heliotrope.

(*d*) You have to be airtight to do blind flying.

3. Come what may, there's no priority on love. The Oomph Girl (—— ——) recently proved that when she wed George Brent. A little North Carolina lassie named Ava Gardner up and married young Andy Hardy (—— ——). And there's no shortage on beauty, either. Just for instance, Gary Cooper thought who was a ball of fire?

4. Ah me, stoogents. The faculty of the Kollege of Musical Knowledge has been running amuck in the library, rewriting popular song titles. See if you can find the originals behind their twisted high-brow versions:

(*a*) I am not motivated by the desire to instigate a planetary conflagration.

(*b*) Fumes penetrate one's ocular orbits.

(*c*) Ensemble for a group of gastronomically deprived aborigines.

5. In this one we're going to play husband and wife in terms of radio personalities.

For instance:

(*a*) If I were Jack Benny, who would you be? ———

(*b*) But if I were Fred Allen, then who would you be?———

(*c*) Now you be Gracie Allen and I'll be your husband. Who am I? ———

(*d*) All right, I'm Fibber McGee. Who are you? ———

(*e*) Now I'm Eddie Cantor. Who are you? ———

6. Here's a mythical lawsuit. Take the witness stand. With the clues given you, can you identify the radio personalities involved? On a tip from (*a*) Sherlock Holmes, —— ——, (*b*) Mr. District Attorney —— —— charged (*c*) Henry Aldrich —— —— with kidnaping (*d*) Baby Snooks —— —— and holding her for (*e*) Ransom —— ——.

7. Here's a little rustic tale that contains the names of nine movie queens. If you can't pick out that many, go to the foot of the class. Characters: A man, a girl, her dog. She was pitching hay near Lake Lamour when the man came down the lane. He drew the dog aside and said, "Lenda fella a hand, willya, and ast her what's her hay worth?" The dog said, "Man, use your heady. I've got to rustle up a sheep or two, so I'd ruther for you to ask her yourself."

8. Here comes a what what. I'd like for you to take out the whats in the following song titles and fill in the keerect words instead:

Here's an example: What gets in your what? Smoke gets in your eyes.

(*a*) Don't what under the what what? ———

(*b*) This what of what? ———

(*c*) I what it what and that ain't what? ———

(*d*) Wh-wh-whatie? ———

9. Speaking of barbers—and who was?—I'm in a lather to have you distinguish between (*a*) The Barber of Seville ———, (*b*) Red Barber ———, (*c*) Barbershop harmony ———, (*d*) John Barbirolli ———, and (*e*) barbecue ———. And, by the way, has (*f*) Santa Claus got a barber? ———.

10. If you know your song lyrics, you'll be able to tell me what happened on this picnic. If you fill in the blanks with song titles, it *may* make sense. We found an ideal spot for it: (*a*) "Where I first met you with your eyes of blue." Where was it? ——— (*b*) We had the most delicious provender, "String beans and onions, tomatoes and scallions and all kinds of fruit." But something was lacking. What was it? ——— (*c*) Then, when the festivity was at its height, came the catastrophe. I had just said, "Can't go on, everything is gone," when—What broke up the picnic? ———

SO now, speaking of college, kiddie-widdies, it's Commencement time at the College of Musical Knowledge.

Don the mortarboard and get out the scoreboard. Each question counts ten. If you scored eighty or better, you're a boop. If you went below the eighty mark, you're a droop. And who wants to be a droop?

(*Answers will be found on page 52*)

Dr. Gerhard Domagk (picture at right), who discovered the sulfa drugs' effect on germs, is now in a Nazi concentration camp like this one.

ARE YOU SAFE WITH SULFA DRUGS?—Continued from Page 9

most human ailments, scientists had been hunting for something which would kill those germs. It was easy enough to do that. Carbolic acid would kill germs—very quickly and very dead. But in the process it would also kill human cells, human tissue, and therefore it was of small value. The I. G. men, and other scientists all over the world, were looking for a germ killer that would kill *only* germs.

It fell to the lot of Dr. Gerhard Domagk to make the first monumental discovery: that Gelmo's chemical seemed to have some effect on germs. He had been experimenting with mice and rabbits and cats. Mice that were very sick indeed suddenly got well when they were given a dose of Gelmo's stuff.

But Hitler was just coming into power. Violence, not scientific learning, was the order of the day in Germany. And it was not until 1935 that Dr. Domagk's great paper describing his experiments got out into the world. It was a cautious article he wrote. But nevertheless news of something new and great spread through Europe.

The French fell to work. And in that same year of 1935, two Englishmen found that this new stuff, which they called sulfanilamide, would save the lives of women dying from childbed fever. Within a few months doctors at the Babies Hospital in New York were using the drug with equally astonishing effect.

There is no great story without its touch of irony, and the story of the sulfa drugs has irony in full measure. The I. G. company tried to patent their product, and were prevented only by the presence of the forgotten Gelmo's formula. And when, in 1939, Dr. Domagk was awarded the Nobel Prize in medicine for his discoveries, Hitler would not let him accept it. Instead, he arrested Domagk, who is now in a German concentration camp.

But now let us take a look at this chemical, sulfanilamide, which by 1936 was known to the doctors of the world as the most remarkable medical discovery since Pasteur's. There were some rather queer things about it.

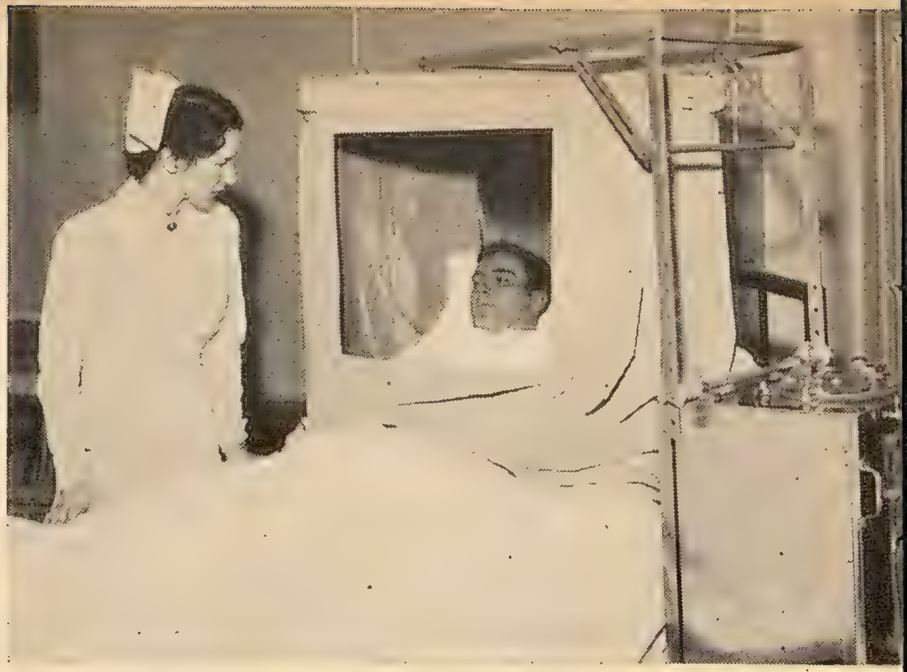
In the first place, nobody knew how it worked, how it killed germs, or even whether it killed them. Dr. Domagk himself discussed this puzzle in his very first paper, one of the greatest medical documents ever written. He said that when he put germs and sulfanilamide in a test tube together, the germs thrived mightily. But put the same drug into a living body which had been deliberately infected with the most deadly bacteria —the body of a mouse or rabbit or cat —and the bacteria simply folded up and quit. The animal showed signs of recovery almost at once.

How the sulfa drugs accomplish the job of striking down the germs is a mystery to this day. Do they release certain protective elements in the

FOR A BRIGHTER
WELCOME USE A
BRIGHTER
WESTINGHOUSE
MAZDA LAMP
MAZDA

Westinghouse
MAZDA LAMPS

Sulfa treatment cures nineteen out of twenty streptococcus infections.



Sulfadiazine eliminates the oxygen tent in many pneumonia cases.

body which in turn kill the microbes? Do they merely paralyze the microbes? Do they make the microbes impotent of reproduction—or interfere with some secret digestive process within the microbes? One theory is as good as another.

But, regardless of theories, sulfanilamide began to bring people back from the jaws of death in certain sorts of diseases: childbed fever, hemolytic streptococcus (perhaps the deadliest of all infections), and a few others. On the other hand, it did not seem to be of much use in the treatment of pneumonia—the cause of about one in ten of all deaths.

THEN there was the second queer thing about sulfanilamide: It produced, in many cases, a severe reaction in the patient. Doctors were quick to observe that the drug penetrated every single corner of the body. Within a very short time, even a teardrop would show the presence of the drug. It was in the blood, the brain, the nerves, the viscera, and all the tissues. And it had a certain tendency to attack any one of these systems, as if capriciously. Some patients would suffer acute nausea. Some would suffer acute disturbances of the blood. In some the nervous system would show exhaustion, in others the kidneys would be dangerously affected.

Not a great many people had these reactions—but enough to make the use of sulfanilamide, the greatest germ destroyer ever imagined by man, a thing for the last emergency.

The only hope seemed to be to develop some other compound of the basic sulfa drug, one which would, first, get to work on pneumonia, and, second, produce less violent reaction in the patient. Hundreds, thousands, of combinations were tried by the world's chemists. In 1938 Englishmen produced sulfapyridine, which was so astonishingly successful in the treatment of pneumonia that it swept over the United States in a few weeks.

But the reactions from sulfapyridine were bad. Three of the great American doctors in the study of the basic sulfa drug and its possibilities—Dr. Norman Plummer of New York City, Dr. Perrin Long of Baltimore, and Dr. Maxwell Finland of Boston—found in their clinics that sulfapyridine made too many people very sick indeed, and in fact killed some of them. Their full clinical reports encouraged the chemists to continue their labors.

In 1939 along came sulfathiazole, which was a considerable improvement. But it was not until a bare two years ago, 1940, that the drug was produced which bore every mark of success, which fulfilled the momentous promise of the sulfa compounds. It was made in the Stamford laboratories of the American Cyanamid Company. And it was named sulfadiazine.

This amazing chemical—the essence of the sulfa drugs—can be examined best from three points of view: (1) What will it do? (2) What does it fail to do? (3) What are its dangers?

The most important thing it will do is to destroy, or at least eliminate the harmful effects of, all that huge family of germs called the cocci. They are the globe-shaped bacteria, the pus-forming bacteria, which cause a staggering variety of human ills.

The worst of all those diseases is pneumonia. Up until the discovery of the sulfa drugs, pneumonia killed about 35 per cent of the people who contracted it, about one in every three. With sulfadiazine treatment, the mortality has dropped to about 5 per cent: only about one case in twenty of all types of pneumonia unaccompanied by complications (heart disease and the like) is fatal.

IN an address delivered at the New York Hospital, Dr. Plummer said: "The first question which arises is —should all pneumonia patients be hospitalized? In the days when we treated the disease with serum and oxygen, this question was always answered, positively, yes. Now, however, with the sulfadiazine treatment, I believe that the majority of pneumonia patients can best be handled in the home. With this therapy, in uncomplicated cases, the course is so mild and the fatality so low that the cost and other disadvantages of hospitalization offset its advantages. Of course, the patient should be sent to the hospital at the onset of any serious complications."

The low rate of fatality under the sulfadiazine therapy is even more remarkable when it is examined by age groups. Most of those who die from pneumonia under this treatment are more than fifty years old. In fact, in Dr. Plummer's study of 231 cases at Bellevue Hospital in New York, the twenty-seven patients who were under thirty all recovered. And among the 113 who were under fifty there was only one death.

In the army, last winter, among 548 pneumonia cases treated with sulfadiazine the death rate was only 2.1 per cent. And this extraordinary rate of cures tends to support Dr. Perrin Long's conviction that with prompt treatment with the sulfa drugs, pneumonia will be actually eliminated as a seriously fatal disease.

Gonorrhea, as we have said, is permanently cured in from two to five days—instead of the old treatment lasting from six months to a year, with no permanent cure ever really certain. This is of great importance to women. For this disease is even more serious in women than in men.

ALMOST any doctor will tell you that the disease he dreads most of all is cerebrospinal meningitis. Because it attacks helpless children, because its ravages are so terrifying, because the treatment has heretofore been so severe, and because the chances of recovery were so slim. In some types of meningitis the mortality ran to a full 100 per cent, and in no type was it under 50 per cent.

Under the sulfa treatment there are now less than 5 per cent of fatalities in this dreadful sickness. Nineteen out of every twenty who are stricken may confidently hope to get well.

The same remarkable percentage of cures holds for childbed fever, hemolytic streptococcus infections, a great variety of dysenteries and infections of the urinary tract, undulant fever, tularemia, erysipelas—and virtually all of the acute pus infections.

Also, the whole practice of surgery has been made simpler and safer by the use of the sulfa drugs. The greatest danger in operations lies in the chance of postoperative infections. Nowadays most progressive surgeons match their

VIKING FUNERAL

BY
FRANCIS
CHASE, JR.

LIBERTY'S
SHORT SHORT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TO Herr Grupelmann, the children of Narvik seemed all alike. The elders he could tell apart easily. But the children—heavily sweatered youngsters with eyes that were frosty and blue and lifeless—might have been rolled off the production line of a doll factory in Dresden.

So he couldn't be certain of this boy, especially at this distance and from the top of a cliff. The dog he would have known anywhere. The gaunt mongrel had sealed his own death warrant that morning when he had leaped out at Herr Grupelmann from an alley. His long white fangs had been bared at the urging of a youngster whom Herr Grupelmann had only fleetingly glimpsed. When it was all over, the boy had disappeared.

Now, as the dog lay at the water's edge, Herr Grupelmann could assay the excellence of his marksmanship. The bullet hole was just above the cur's eye. At the Gestapo school in Berlin they had taught him to shoot straight—and first. . . .

"Hey, you! Down there!" The boy, puttering about the skiff, looked up. "What are you up to?"

"I—I'm not doing anything, sir," Herr Grupelmann's sharp eyes saw the pallid face turn white as the youth recognized him. But there was life in this boy's eyes, a shining sort of warmth that marked him apart from all the others.

"Come up here, you." It was with an effort that Herr Grupelmann made his voice gruff, commanding. In reality he felt quite expansive. Only ten days before, he had lodged with Berlin a request for reinforcements for the garrison. It was as much a test of where he stood with the higher-ups in Berlin as a matter of urgent need. "There is nothing you can put a finger upon," he had written, "but behind the cold, impassive faces of these people I sense trouble. . . ." He had pitted his personal judgment alone against the reality of the Russian campaign, for which men were badly needed. And he had won! On the troopship that now rode at anchor in the fiord were six hundred picked men, precisely what he had asked.

So now he knew where he stood in Berlin. They still remembered Herr Grupelmann, who could learn things few other Gestapo agents could, and they respected his counsel. It was a good feeling. He didn't like to admit it, even to himself—but these Norwegian people were getting on his nerves. In due time, as a reward for his service here, he would ask for a place in Berlin.

The boy reached the road where Grupelmann waited, and snatched the stocking cap from his head.

"I was only making ready to bury my dog, sir. Somebody shot him."

"And you do not know who it was?"

"No, sir. I found him in an alley."

Herr Grupelmann scratched his chin. Odd that the boy shouldn't know. Perhaps the boy was lying to avoid the hiding he knew he'd get if it were discovered that he had set his dog upon an official.

He studied the young face carefully. "What is your name, son?" His voice was almost kind. If his judgment was correct, this boy had possibilities.

"I am Emil Kousgaard, son of Jan Kousgaard, the fisherman."

"All right, Emil. Go bury your dog. But the boat—you know it is forbidden to use a boat without a permit, and I do not recall giving a Kousgaard such a permit."

The boy turned back, dismayed.

"But, sir, I was going to give my dog a viking funeral. I wasn't going to use it myself."

"I see—" Again Herr Grupelmann scratched at his chin. Somehow the idea of a viking funeral for a mongrel dog appealed strongly to the Grupelmann—and Gestapo—sense of humor. It had the earmarks of a story he could tell and retell in Berlin.

But there was an even more practical side to this business. Herr Grupelmann had a way with children; in Berlin, he was noted for his ability to elicit from them highly illuminating facts about what went on behind family doors. What particularly angered him here was the cold indifference of the children to him. In Emil he had found his first spark of response, and a little kindness now might be worth many times its cost in the remaining days he must spend here.

"If I should permit this, Emil, we would both be breaking regulations. However, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll turn my back so that I won't be looking, and you give your dog his viking funeral. You see, I'm not as hard nor as black as they paint me."

True to his word, he turned on his heel and strode off up the road.

BACK on the beach, the boy hurried to the brush that grew there. "Everything is all right, father," he whispered. "Herr Grupelmann has even given his consent."

"Good," came an answering whisper. "Remember everything, son? Got matches?"

"Don't worry, father. I knew a viking funeral ship must burn."

The boy lifted the dog, Thor, gently on to the wooden bier in the skiff, lashed the tiller, raised the sail, and aimed the tiny craft's bows straight at the center of the troopship which, a bare hour before, had dropped anchor. His match made a sputter of sparks at the skiff's stern as he gave it a gentle push. Without waiting to see, father and son disappeared up the cliff and into the dusk.

THE explosion reached Herr Grupelmann's ears as he was turning into the barricade about the barracks. He saw the red glow in the sky, ran back. He was just in time to see the troopship—a blazing hulk—turn on her side and slip crabwise into the dark icy waters. He had no thought for the six hundred picked men aboard her. He could think only of the things that had happened to others who had failed, as he himself had now, in the Führer's service.

He tore at his hair in rage. "Scour the town! Find a boy named Emil Kousgaard and his father, and bring them in at all costs!" But the troops had to report that no Kousgaards lived in Narvik or thereabouts.

So he ordered them to bring in every boy between ten and fifteen. "I'll remember his eyes," he vowed. And when they were lined up, he walked down the line confidently. But as he reached the end of it, panic played hide-and-go-seek with the sense of sheer frustration which had taken possession of him.

Their eyes were all frosty and blue and lifeless, and their faces, pinched and yellowed from undernourishment, might have rolled off the production line of a doll factory in Dresden, they were that much alike.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in the moving and inspiring war picture, Mrs. Miniver.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ MRS. MINIVER (for challenging human drama)

A GREAT and moving film of these perilous times has come from Hollywood. It deals with the Battle of Britain in a small London suburb, but it is a gallant battle cry for all people, everywhere, who are fighting for freedom and liberty. Mrs. Miniver is an epic tribute to quiet heroism. It hasn't one scene of actual battle, but it will be remembered long after most war pictures have been completely forgotten.

Based on Jan Struther's book of the same title, the show makes its points by indirection and understatement. During the early sequences the film has all the enchantment of a beguiling domestic comedy, as Mrs. Miniver buys an outrageously expensive hat, her husband splurges on a new car, and their adolescent son gets a fine attack of social consciousness. The characters and background of the story are infinitely remote from war and death. Gradually the Minivers and their friends are drawn into the vortex of a struggle which has civilians taking more crushing blows than men in uniform—and taking them. When Mr. Miniver joins that fantastic fleet of small boats which disembarked the British army from Dunkirk, or his daughter-in-law is killed in an air raid, the action needs no underlining to have smashing intensity.

The production is every inch a fine motion picture. With Greer Garson's luminous portrayal of Mrs. Miniver and a series of brilliant supporting portrayals, it has great depth and honesty of acting. The lines ring with eloquent authority. And the direction of William Wyler is masterly.

The human drama is never lost sight of in the course of the photoplay. There is a tenderly restrained romance between the Miniver son and the daughter of a snobbish and domineering lady of the manor. There is an amusing contest between the lady and the village stationmaster over growing prize roses. All sorts of scenes and moods fit together to make a stirring and triumphant entertainment.

The playing is so uniformly eloquent that the whole company deserves the highest praise. Greer Garson has the dominant part and brings warmth, dignity, and beauty to it, but Walter Pidgeon is not far behind her in his quiet characterization of Mr. Miniver. Teresa Wright and Richard Ney are fine as the star-crossed lovers, while Dame May Whitty's irascible aristocrat and Henry Travers' stationmaster are brilliant portraits.

Mrs. Miniver is both a splendid film of human suffering and fortitude and a challenging reaffirmation of the ideals for which we are all fighting. (M-G-M.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Yankee Doodle Dandy, Tortilla Flat, Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde, Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush.

★★★—Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The theatre is now the junction of the Crossroads to Pleasure and Duty.

★ ★ ★ ★

For, with bonds and stamps on sale in all lobbies, you can buy your two tickets—one to Joy, one to Victory.

★ ★ ★ ★

The word "crossroads" throws us into a paragraph or two about Jack Conway. "Crossroads" is this sure-fire director's latest film.

It stars WILLIAM POWELL

and HEDY LAMARR no less.

But more about them anon.

Meanwhile back to JACK CONWAY

Possessing the charm of a music-box and the gallantry of a Walter Raleigh, our hero Conway has worked side by side with this leonine columnist for many years.

★ ★ ★ ★

He has been an M-G-M standby, having directed "Honky Tonk", "Boom Town", "A Yank at Oxford", "Viva Villa" and a whole card-index of hits.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Crossroads" is his latest. And his most different. But it is the same in one sense. It is a hit.

★ ★ ★ ★

William Powell gives a dramatic performance that provides a complete change of pace from his equally brilliant comedy-ness. It is something to see.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Hedy Lamarr is something to see, too. We don't know about you, but Hedy gets *us*. And if she doesn't get you, there are a lot more like us than like you.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Crossroads" is ably abetted by Claire Trevor, Basil Rathbone and Margaret Wycherly. John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers wrote the original story; Guy Trosper, the screen play. Edwin Knopf produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

An incident to the drama is a song by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, entitled "'Til You Return". It's hum but not drum.

—*Leo*

SEE YOU AT THE BOND & STAMP WINDOW

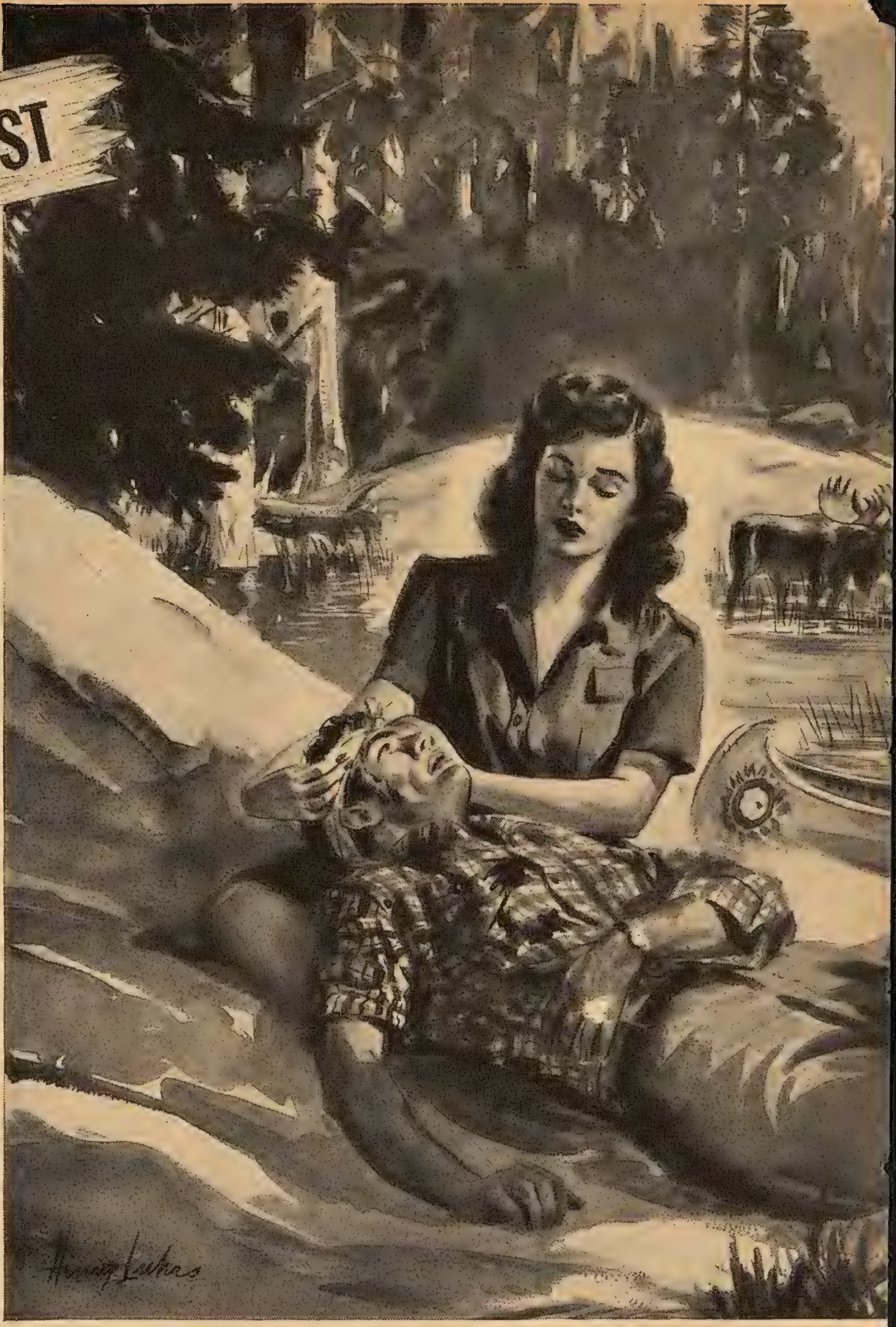
ENEMY OUTPOST

Can a girl's courage and a man's wit triumph over Nazi hate?—Now a thrill-packed climax draws near

BY JAMES SAXON CHILDERS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART SIX—CAPTURED!



"Get up," Christopher said to Mike. "You and I are going over firs

Saturday,
July 11, 1942.

IN the big dining room at the Moose Club, Uncle Ed Carroll was walking up and down the room, talking with Judge Puckett, who was seated on the sofa. Mrs. Puckett was knitting. Dorothy Tyler was playing solitaire.

They were waiting for the noon broadcast of the news.

"I can't understand how a man and a woman simply vanish," Uncle Ed was saying. "We found where they had their lunch; but after they ate, they got back in the canoe and went fishing again. It shows plainly in the sand. But they were the only tracks we could find—the only ones." He looked at his watch. "Why can't Christopher get back here with those planes?"

"Maybe he had to catch the train and go to Ottawa," Dorothy said. "I imagine it would be difficult to arrange for planes in Kakiwani. The long-distance connections out of there aren't very good."

"I hadn't thought of that," admitted Uncle Ed. "But if he doesn't get those planes here by tomorrow evening—by Sunday evening—I'm going to Ottawa myself Monday morning."

"Oh, I'm sure you'll hear from him before Monday," Dorothy said, playing a red queen on a black king. "I believe you'll hear from him Sunday evening." She played an ace above the line. "In fact, I'm positive of it," she said.

Mr. Beck came in. "Of course you gentlemen are much more experienced in this country than I am," he said, "but I suggest we all go back to Round Lake and search for them again. What do you think of the idea?"

"What good would it do?" the judge asked. "We went over that lake shore yesterday, every bit of it, and we found no tracks except where they'd eaten their lunch." He added, "When a man is lost in the bush, it's just up to him to get out as best he can. Finding him is mighty difficult. In the deep bush it's almost impossible."

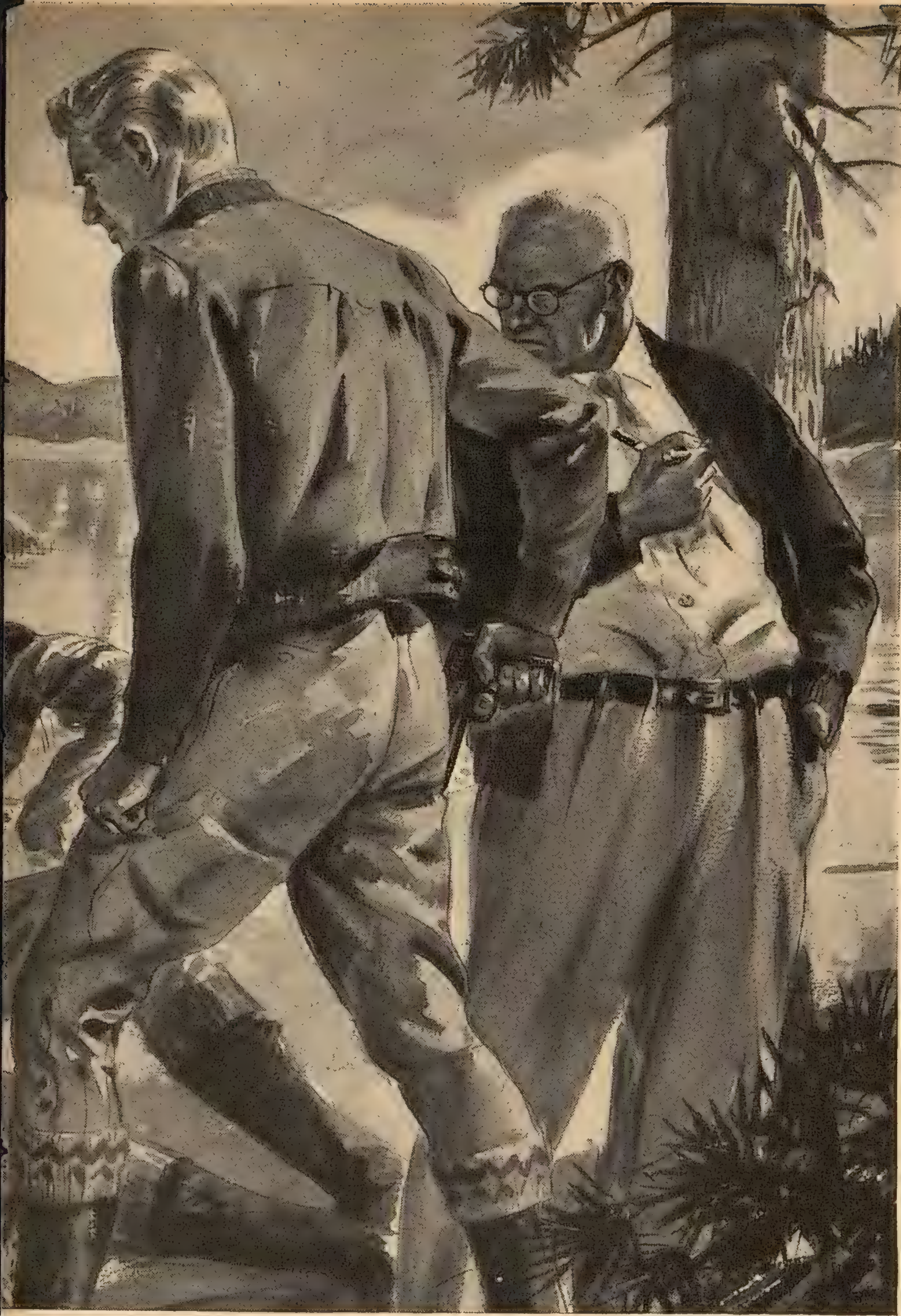
"If Christopher would only hurry back with those planes— Oh, I know," Uncle Ed said, as Mr. Beck started to speak, "that Christopher is doing everything he can, and I know that getting planes into the bush isn't easy; but I still wish he'd hurry."

"For heaven's sake sit down and stop talking." Mrs. Puckett flung her knitting on the floor and sank her face in her hands. "You act as if you're the only one who loves Sally. And she's been like my own daughter since I first saw her. I always wanted a daughter and here you go talking and talking and—and—"

"Now, mother. Now, now." Judge Puckett went over and put his arm around her. "Now don't cry. Don't. We'll find Sally. Don't you worry."

Mr. Beck got up and went to the radio. He turned the dial and the end of a commercial came over the air, then the announcer began: "The twelve o'clock news. Detroit, Michigan: The vast plant of the Cunningham Spring and Axle Company, taken over entirely last year by the United States Army for the manufacture of springs and axles for Uncle Sam's motorized units, was blown up at ten fifteen this morning.

"There were three distinct explosions in the three different wings of



ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

the plant. The second and third trapped and killed some of the workmen who had escaped the first and were fleeing from the resulting fire.

"Until a roll check is completed, the authorities are unwilling to give any estimate of the number of persons who lost their lives. It is known, however, that more than two thousand persons were in the three wings at the time of the explosions. Unofficial estimates are that more than half this number were killed. The plant is a total loss.

"Washington, D. C.: Plans for Sunday evening's Fireside Chat have been completed. The President will speak to the nation at nine o'clock tomorrow evening."

"We want to be sure and hear that speech," Uncle Ed declared, as the broadcast ended.

"We'll hear it, all right," the judge said, as they all moved toward the luncheon table.

A FEW hours later, up at Serpent Lake, Mike Kilpatrick was beginning to recover consciousness. He opened his eyes and the sun struck them like a sword. Instantly he closed his eyes again. There was such stabbing pain in his head that he lay still. He tried to moisten his lips.

"Here, try to swallow." Vaguely he heard some one speaking and he partly understood. Then he felt the drip of water into his mouth and he did swallow, his throat opening and closing convulsively.

"Can you take any more?"

He opened his eyes again and for an instant looked up. He saw Sally bending down over him, squeezing water, drop by drop, from her handkerchief.

"Take a little more," she said. "Please. Try hard to get it down."

He summoned all his strength and struggled with it and did swallow. As he turned his head away, the pain in his head was so great that he opened his eyes fully and looked up. Sally was still there. And Christopher Beck was standing off to one side with a man Mike had never seen before.

Then he remembered. They had been walking along the shore and had turned into the portage. Sally had just spoken to him before something crashed against the back of his head. He looked up at her.

"O. K.," he said.

Christopher came and stood above him. "Can you move?" he asked. He was holding a big automatic.

Mike managed to move his legs.

"Then get up."

"How can he get up? He can barely move." Sally was holding her hand on Mike's shoulder. "You almost killed him."

"And why not?" He whirled upon her. "Why shouldn't I have killed him? He's caused me enough trouble to kill him a dozen times. This man"—he flicked his finger toward Mike—"is no geologist. He's a newspaperman, a New York newspaperman."

"Yes, I know."

MIKE raised his hand and pointed at Christopher. "How did you know? When did you find out?"

"I know everything about you. I received a full report in Kakiwani last night."

Mike lay there looking up at him. Then he managed to speak, slowly. "That some more Nazi efficiency?"

"You swine, if you dare speak—"

Sally sprang toward him and caught the man's wrist. She shoved his automatic into the air, but Christopher kicked behind her and the toe of his heavy boot sank into Mike's side and Mike thought his ribs were broken.

"If you dare speak of the Nazis again, I'll kill you where you lie."

"And I shall have pleasure in assisting you," said Mr. Higginbotham, who stood beside Christopher. "I should like to begin teaching these Americans what they must know. I should like to begin, even before Sunday. Let him say something else about the Nazis—it would be a positive pleasure to kill him."

Sally dropped on her knees and put her hand over Mike's lips. The pain in his side was even greater than the pain in his head.

"Get up." Christopher pushed at him with his foot. "Get up, I say."

Sally put her arm under Mike's shoulder and helped him up.

"Now get there to the lake and wash your filthy self."

As slowly, painfully they climbed the portage toward the lake, Mike looked down and saw the blood on his shirt.

"Guess I am pretty filthy, at that," he said.

"He hit you with the butt of that automatic."

"That all! I thought he dropped a mountain on me."

At the top of the portage they saw a canoe in the water and Johnny Buckshot on the shore near it.

"Where did the canoe come from?" Mike asked.

"They had it hidden," Sally explained. "They saw us coming around the shore, and they waited for us." She was bathing the cut on the back of his head. "This is a bad cut," she said. She turned to Christopher, who watched. "Have you a bandage? Or would you lend it, if you had?"

"We have no bandage."

Sally unbuttoned her shirt, reached inside and unhooked her brassière. She broke the shoulder straps and drew the brassière out.

"This is the best we've got, Mike."

"You're a grand girl, Sally."

SHE was bandaging the wound in his head when a moose came out of the bush on the other side of the lake and began to feed on lily pads. Johnny Buckshot eased the canoe farther onto the shore, making sure it was fast. Then he moved silently to where Christopher Beck was talking with Mr. Higginbotham.

"Moose," Johnny whispered, pointing. "Big moose."

"All right, Johnny," Christopher said. "Now go away."

But Johnny didn't move. "That moose he weigh sixteen hundred pounds. And fat."

Christopher stepped toward Johnny and drew back his hand. "We're not interested in your moose. Go away, I tell you." Johnny walked away.

"That damned Indian started drinking last Wednesday night," Christopher told Mr. Higginbotham, "and he's been drinking ever since. That's why we had such trouble getting here from Kakiwani last night. Incidentally, this fellow"—he pointed at Mike—"started him. He gave him a bottle of whisky to get him to talk. He wanted to find out about us. Well"—Christopher was slapping his leg with his pistol—"he's going to find out plenty about me before I'm through with him." He turned on Sally.

"How long do you need to bandage a scratch like that? Can't you hurry?" he rasped.

"Yes, I'll hurry," she said, and forced herself to say no more.

The moose fed along the opposite shore until he was directly across the narrow strip of water. They could see the scars on his legs where he had been burned in a forest fire.

Johnny tiptoed back to Christopher and once more pointed. "That moose he get burned. You see? Sometimes when fire trap moose and bear and deer they—"

"Damn you for a babbling pig," Christopher said, springing toward him and slapping him full with his open hand. "Go put that canoe in the water." He slapped him again. "Go do it, I say, before I cut your yellow-skinned throat." He caught Johnny by the shoulders and shoved him. He sent him stumbling back to his canoe. Then he spun around and walked toward Mike. Johnny got into the canoe and paddled it along the shore toward them.

"Get up," Christopher said to Mike. "You and I are going over first."

"May I ask"—Sally walked toward him—"just what you intend to do with us?"

"I have not yet decided what I shall do with him," Christopher said. "But German planes will land on Spruce Lake tonight. When they return to Germany, you will be a passenger on one of them. And I hope you enjoy our concentration camps better than I enjoyed your disgusting Moose Club." He spoke to Mr. Higginbotham: "You have no idea the indignities I have endured from these people. I have had to sit in silence while they actually spoke about our Leader. Get in that canoe," he said to Mike. "Get in quick. Get in, I say."

LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP

by Donald Gordon

THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN, by W. Somerset Maugham.

As every one who reads fiction knows, Mr. Maugham is a Big-shot Author whose reputation was well earned with such *novels* as The Moon and Sixpence and Of Human Bondage. He knows his craft as few writers do. So when he writes a story long enough to be called a novel, the chances are it'll become noticed by enough readers to land on best-seller lists.

Well, this one's just about long enough to get in under the wire, and it won't be rated one of his major works. For one thing, it falls into what is coming to be a recognizable category of recent fiction—the "There'll Always Be an England" lot.

The story focuses upon the family of retired General Henderson whose home is one of the ancient and conspicuously lovely Sussex landmarks. There is Roger, eldest son, so preoccupied with his job in the Intelligence Service that his wife believes he won't be greatly disturbed at her growing attachment to another. There is Jane, forthright and funny, and her beloved fat husband, Ian, one of the heroes of Dunkirk. There is young Tommy with teen-age enthusiasm to do his bit. And there is Jimmy, a sincere conscientious objector, loved and respected by a family who nevertheless can't quite understand. And there is the Austrian girl refugee who captured Jimmy and brought about the climactic tragedy.

Don't for a moment hold the impression that Maugham's treatment of the now somewhat familiar-seeming ingredients will bore you. He's too much the master for that. But we do wish he'd quit bunting; get in there and swing at a ball. (Doubleday, Doran & Company.)

In the course of the afternoon Sally and Mike learned that they were being taken to the camp the Germans had built back in the thicket, well back from the shore of the lake. As soon as they got there, they asked if they might see Fred Chausse.

"Sally may see him," Christopher said to Mike, "but I shall talk with you. I shall have a little private conversation with you."

One of the men in camp led Sally to a tent and lifted the flap. Fred was lying on a cot and, while his face was drawn and seemed lean, he looked as if he had been made comfortable.

"By gee, I got a good leg," he assured her. After the Germans had found him, he said, they had brought him into camp. There one of them took off Sally's splints and examined the break. "He say he is a doctor and he say my leg fixed good. He say he no can do better." She took his hand in both of hers. "What them fellows do with us?" Fred asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe they'll keep us here for a few days."

But she did know. She had already asked Christopher about Fred. "If there is room in one of the planes for a man with a broken leg," Christopher had said, "he, too, will be taken to Germany tonight. If there is no room"—he had shrugged his shoulders—"Fred will be disposed of."

"I suppose that killing a man flat on his back with a broken leg doesn't worry you."

"My country is at war—on the battlefields of Europe and Asia, in the United States, here in the Canadian bush, anywhere that men dare oppose the high purpose that has been determined by our Leader."

Late in the afternoon Sally left Fred and went to the shore of the lake. She sat there thinking.

Memories began to torment her—Jock teaching her, holding out his hand—her father watching over her—Mike taking her in his arms only the night before—

A man came from the thicket and spoke to the young German who had followed Sally to the shore, guarding her. He now approached her. "Our supper is ready," he said in excellent English.

"I don't want any supper."

"May I suggest that the flight you will make tonight is long and tiring. I would suggest that you eat something."

"Very well," she said, as she got up.

THEY went into the camp, to the circle around the fire. Mr. Higginbotham came out of a tent and met her. "You may eat alone, or with us. It is for you to say."

"May I eat with Mr. Kilpatrick?"

"No."

She caught the lapel of his coat and pulled him toward her. "Has anything happened to him?"

"Mr. Kilpatrick is in conversation with Mr. Beck."

Her hand dropped. "May I eat with Fred Chausse?" she asked.

"Yes."

After the meal she talked with him for a while, but talking with Fred that night was not easy.

"I'm going out again for a while," she said. "But I'll be back. Don't you worry—I'll be back."

As she left the tent, her guard followed along behind her. Beyond the fire she could see Mr. Higginbotham talking with two men. But there was no sight of Mike, or of Christopher. Johnny Buckshot sat off alone astraddle a log, finishing his supper.

Sally went to Mr. Higginbotham. "Now may I see Mr. Kilpatrick?" she asked.

"No."

"Will I see him before I go?"

Mr. Higginbotham hesitated, then said, "It is possible."

Sally and the guard went back to the shore where there was a high rock. They climbed it.

"I can see more from here," she said. He moved back and left her alone.

Huge and dark in the coming night, the lake lay in its border of white sand, beyond which was the bush, dark except where the lights of the Germans' camp broke through the darkness. Sally could see the men moving about the cook fire. At last night came fully, with its stars. Then the moon was up, and the lake was silver.

When it was past midnight, Sally could hear the men coming out of the bush, getting into their canoes, starting out to the four sides of the lake to build the fires.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Beck, if I may," she said to the guard; and he led her down into the camp. Christopher, summoned, came out of his tent.

"Yes?" he said, bowing stiffly, then standing very erect before her.

"CHRISTOPHER will you let me see Mike?"

"No."

"Have you done anything to him?"

"I have"—he unbent and smiled—"talked with him. We have had a long talk."

"Will Mike be taken to Germany?"

"Perhaps."

She reached out and touched him. "You could prevent anything happening to either him or Fred. You could arrange for both of them to be taken with me."

"I have nothing to do with it."

"You could have something to do with it, if you only would." When he didn't answer, she asked, "If Mike is not taken to Germany, will he be—be disposed of, like Fred?"

"Yes."

"But, Christopher"—she held up her hands to him—"you could save both their lives, if you wanted to. Fred has guided for you. He has been on the trail with you. And Mike has never done you any harm. Won't you do something to save them?"

"I have nothing to do with it. It will be decided by the flight commander."

A great sobbing sigh went through her body. Then she said, "Will you take a message to my father?"

"It would be impossible."

"You would not trust my father—put him on his honor not to betray you, then tell him where I am?"

"No."

She said, "I wouldn't be you, or like

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you, for all the conquests your German armies have already won, or can ever win, even if it's the whole damn world."

She turned away from him and went back toward the shore. She passed Fred's tent, afraid of what she might say or do if she went in, and returned to the high rock again.

She had not sat there long when there came the high-pitched singing of the wind through the wings. Planes dropped out of the night and their keels ripped open the silver surface of the lake. As they landed, Sally turned to the guard.

"May I speak to the commander of those planes?" she asked.

"That might be arranged."

For a minute longer she stood looking out at the dark bush, then she turned away quickly and went down from the rock.

The first plane was approaching the shore and the guard said she could go no farther. After the keel had slid onto the sand and the plane was still, its door was opened and the men came from it.

"I shall ask if the commander will speak with you," the guard said.

HE went to where the officer was talking with Christopher Beck and Mr. Higginbotham. Sally saw the guard stand back until these men had finished their talk, then he saluted and spoke to the commander.

Receiving his answer, the guard saluted again and withdrew.

He returned to where Sally was waiting. "The commander will not speak with you."

"Yes, he will," she said, going forward quickly. The guard stood in her path, but she pushed him aside and while he caught her arm he did not hold too tightly. She pulled away and went up to the commander.

"Herr Commander," she said, "I beg to speak with you."

The commander turned to the guard. "I told you I would not talk with this woman."

"Yes, he told me that," Sally said. "But I must ask your decision about the two men who are with me."

There was a pause, then he said, "I cannot give you a favorable answer."

"You mean you will not take them with you?"

"To do so would not be convenient."

"Rather than take them, you'd allow them to be killed—is that true?" Sally asked.

The stiffness seemed slightly to leave the German officer. "I regret the whole situation," he said. "But one cannot be sentimental. I could take them to Germany, yes. But in Germany they would need to be fed. And food is not plentiful in my country. Owing, let me remind you, to the atrocities practiced by the American and the British navies. Besides, if I took them to Germany I might be criticized." He turned from her. "That is all." He held up his hand. "That is all. That is all."

Sally walked away a short distance, then she came back once more. She went to Christopher Beck.

"Is Mike still alive?" she asked.

"Yes."

"May I speak with him?"

"Yes," the officer said.

"And with Fred Chausse?"

"You may speak with both of them," the commander said. "But you will not be long. As soon as the planes have been unloaded, we shall take off."

"No," Sally said, quietly, "I shall not be long. It won't take long." She turned to Christopher. "Will you come with me? You can be my guard. I want to speak with you."

He bowed and followed her toward Fred's tent.

"Christopher," she said, "you wouldn't kill helpless men, would you?"

"Yes."

She turned away from him and went on and Christopher followed her.

"Well," Sally said, as she stood by Fred's cot again, "how goes it, Fred?"

"Oh, not too bad."

She sat down on the edge of the cot. "I'm going away on one of these planes tonight. I may not see you again for—for a long time, Fred."

"Where you go? You say them fellows keep us here a few days. Now you go off."

"The plans have been changed, Fred."

He reached over and took her hand. "You tell me, miss. By gee, you tell me what make you sad."

Suddenly she was in Fred's arms, sobbing as he patted her and awkwardly tried to comfort her. Then she sat up and said, "That wasn't brave of me." She held his hand. "But you'll be brave, won't you? Whatever happens?"

He crossed himself, making the sign slowly. "I'll be brave, me."

"You'll remember all the good times we've had together. You won't forget, will you, Fred?"

"By gee, I'll never forget."

"Then good-by, Fred." She bent down to him and kissed him.

Outside the tent she stopped and waited until she could go on again. Then she lifted her head and looked at Christopher.

"All right," she said. "Where is he?"

"There." Christopher pointed. "In that tent."

She went to the tent and lifted the flap and went inside. Mike was lying on a cot. He was tied down with a leather strap ordinarily used for binding the packs on the trail. She went to him and saw that his lips were bruised. He did not open his eyes.

"Mike," she said.

He didn't answer.

She touched his shoulder.

"Mike. Mike—it's Sally." When he didn't answer, when he didn't open his eyes, she leaned over to make sure he was breathing. "Mike—open your eyes." She turned to Christopher. "You've killed him."

"He's not dead. He just couldn't stand what we did to him this afternoon." He pushed Sally aside. "I'll quickly show you he's not dead." He unbuckled the strap that bound Mike and swung it high above him. When Sally jumped for his arm, he knocked her aside and struck with the strap. "A few of these will bring him to life all right." He turned to Sally. "How do you like seeing him—this fine specimen of American manhood—being whipped like a common dog?"

He walked toward her holding out the strap and shaking it at her. "Well, that's only a taste of what's in store for all your American manhood. Let me tell you—"

Christopher never finished that sentence.

Is there still hope? Can Mike and Sally and Fred escape in time to give warning of the Nazi plot to take over America? The final chapter of this exciting story is full of swift surprises. Read it next week!

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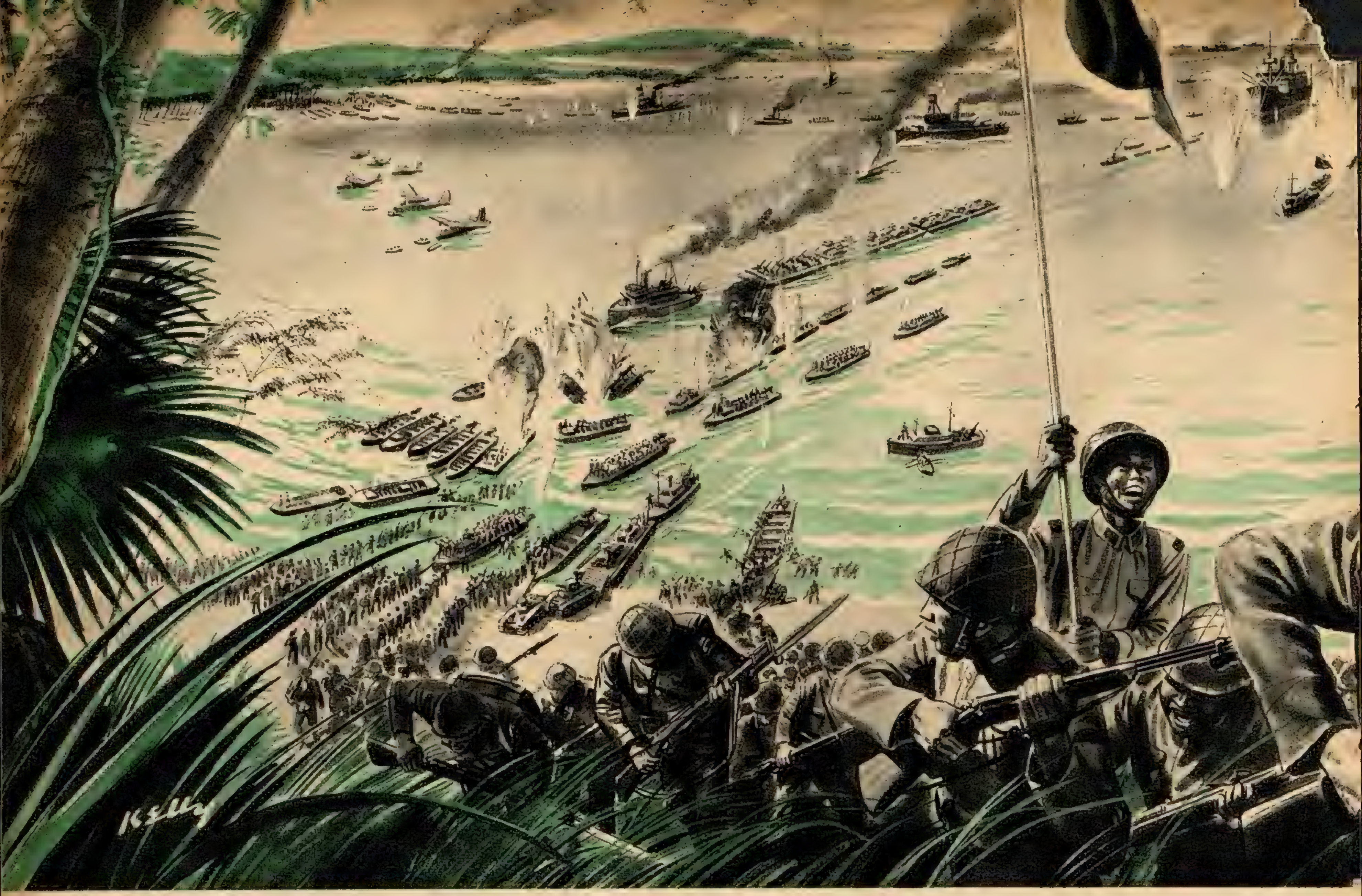


MY ESCAPE FROM SINGAPORE

The memorable true story of one woman's flight from the horrors of war

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The author of this has asked Liberty not to reveal her name. Her husband is a prisoner of the Japanese, and she fears possible reprisal. She is an actress who, before she joined her husband in Singapore, was a member of a company supporting one of America's foremost stage stars. Her long and hazardous journey back to New York has just been completed.

I SOMETIMES think now that, had they made us women leave Singapore in the early days, its defenders might have truly made the place a garrison and held it for a long time—as MacArthur's men held Bataan and Corregidor. Yet who can say that the final issue would have been decided differently?

In any case, we were the wives of the men who were fighting and dying on the peninsula. We wanted to stay near them.

We were proud of those men of ours. They were learning, as swiftly as a white man can learn, the animal-like rudiments of jungle fighting. In withdrawing now, they exacted a terrific toll from the Japs. And they left little behind that the Japs could use. The greatest tin mine in the world, at Pahang, fell into Jap hands. But not before British sappers had dynamited and flooded it. Billowing clouds of smoke rose as our husbands put the torch to rubber estates.

Singapore was under martial law and the possibility that Japanese paratroops might attempt an invasion was seriously considered. On one of his leaves, Sarah's husband, Robert, showed her how her tin hat could become a savage cutting weapon.

"If you ever have to use it on a Jap," he told her seriously, "I want you to know how."

Major Robert Sanders died in an upcountry town, using his tin hat as a weapon. Unarmed, he and another British soldier, cut off and lost from their guerrilla party, had come upon a group of fourteen Japanese intent upon blowing up the train at a railway station. Though they had lost their weapons, they descended upon the surprised Japanese. They killed five of them with no other weapons than their flailing tin hats. The other Japanese ran away, convinced that they were being attacked in superior numbers. Robert Sanders died of a bullet that pierced his right lung. His companion got back to Singapore.

All of us women in Singapore dreaded the thought of capture by Japanese, discussed what we would do if faced by it. Joan Miller, the typist in our office, had been taught by her husband what she should do. She intended to stay in Singapore even if the Japs took it. And she and her husband had collected a small arsenal against the time when the city might be invaded.

"It's really quite simple," she explained. "You open your mouth and put the muzzle of the gun in and pull the trigger. It's over in a minute. It's quite painless."

I think of Joan often now, here in New York. She was plump and serene, a quiet sweet woman—fortyish. She had sworn she would never leave Singapore and I do not know whether she did leave at the end—or what she did when the Japs came.

Perspectives change. Today, looking back on the horrid fantastic nightmare that was Singapore, the things that happened seem like some monstrous melodrama.

The mark of bitter reality is on

STRATION BY
ES A. KELLY

them, though, when I remind myself that these things happened to people who a few short months ago were my own friends. And when I remember that now, at this moment, my husband is a Japanese prisoner of war.

By early January the Jap was beginning to take the bit in his teeth. Upcountry, he was using ten-ton tanks to crack our lines and bring his lorry-borne infantry ever south toward Singapore. Our light antitank guns, which had often smashed his little whippet tanks, no longer were effective.

He took what our sapper squads had left him of Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Federated Malay States, and though he paid for it in dead, he had by now exhausted some of our finest jungle fighters who had spent six full weeks battling him on the peninsula.

He had, by sheer force of numbers, decimated our inadequate air force, and he had established his own bases on the peninsula north of Singapore. He was ready to hit hard—and did.

Singapore began getting daylight raids. The Jap bombers and fighters came over in waves of from twenty-one to seventy-two. They flew in Vs of three, and showed their disdain by refusing to break formation as our antiaircraft guns let loose.

Nor did we have so many antiaircraft batteries now, either. The Jap was knocking them out with a precision that would have been uncanny had we not known that he was being aided by an effective fifth column.

The patterns of our lives in Singapore began to be shaped by the bombings. We came to know when to expect them—and planned our work, and all of our activities accordingly.

I always seemed to be near some military objective. Friends with whom I often stayed lived near an oil dump. My hotel was filled with staff officers that the Japs would have liked to kill. The place where I worked was near an airdrome, and Jap planes, approaching in waves of twenty-seven from two directions, used to rendezvous near it each morning.

On the way to work, Sarah and Bette—whose British naval officer husband had recently been killed in action—and I continued to take the Bukit Timbah Road which connected with the Johore Causeway over which the Imperial Forces entered and left the upcountry of Malaya. Going to work, we would find ourselves in a convoy going up. Coming home after work, we would enter a convoy of sleepless, thin, tired troops coming out of the jungle country.

Even the wounded were very gay and cheerful. They made a macabre, unbelievable picture. Their lorries were camouflaged with tree branches which, in turn, were intertwined with forest flowers. They had nets over their tin hats, and into these they had inserted leaves and flowers. It was really quite pretty—and pathetic.

Often, on that traffic-packed road, the lorries would halt and the men drop out into a ditch and go almost instantly to sleep.

THESE men had been through the worst kind of hell. The Jap had air bases on the peninsula and unquestioned aerial superiority by now, and the Imperial Troops were being attacked not only from the ground, but were being strafed with machine-gun bullets and dive-bombed by low-flying Jap planes as well.

Singapore was a city of rumors. The Jap was little more than a hundred miles away. We were being raided several times each day.

Bette, like Sarah and myself, was allowed a half day off each month. One January morning she and a friend went shopping for vegetables, which were becoming increasingly scarce.

They were in a store run by Europeans, hard by a fish market patronized by Asiatics, when the alarm sounded. They took shelter in the building's basement.

It was a particularly nasty raid and

ILLUSTRATION
BY SEYMOUR
BALL

The raids grew worse. People were being killed and injured by the hundreds in Singapore.

the bombs dropped close by. When the raid was over, Bette and her friend came up into the street. The scene was one of horrible confusion. The streets were littered with debris. Every leaf had been blown off every tree. Bette told me of it later.

"An Australian soldier saw us as we came out into the street. He said, 'Come along, you girls; you're going to help.' He took us to High Street near the Cricket Club. There were ambulances there. Chinese and whites were filling the ambulances. Not with bodies—but with pieces of bodies, for the most part.

"It was gruesome enough, God knows, and I should have felt sick. I didn't. I felt mad—damned mad. I thought of the Chinese—who got it that morning—and how the poor devils, in a raid, would squat on their haunches beside a hedge, confident that a pilot who could not see them could not kill them.

"And here was what was left of those Chinese. Pieces. They'd killed my husband—the Japs—and for that I'd always hate them. Yet, somehow, this obscene slaughter of defenseless Chinese whom I'd never seen seemed even more shocking."

The raids on Singapore were frequent, heavy, and indiscriminate by now. The Jap had the skies to himself. One night I stayed with friends. There was a raid. When I returned home I found that bomb fragments had torn holes in the walls and ceiling of my room. The bed was littered with debris—debris that certainly would have killed me had I been there.

GENERAL GORDON BENNETT and his stalwart, good-natured Australian fighters had gone upcountry to try to relieve the British and Indian troops who had borne the initial shock of the invasion of Malaya. But it was by this time a lost cause. The wily Japs were even disguising themselves as Indian troops, appearing in the rear of our lines and literally mowing down our tired men.

The exodus of women and children from Singapore had begun the week before Christmas. Convoys arrived continually. Troop reinforcements came. But aerial superiority was never wrested from the Jap.

On January 18 the Japs hit Britain's $170,000,000 naval base. One million gallons of petrol were stored there. The Jap bombers, using 500-pound bombs for the occasion, set 100,000 gallons of it aflame. Brave men—Chinese and white—worked furiously to keep the fire from spreading—and did. Nearly threescore of them died.

The raids grew worse. Our anti-aircraft batteries and big gun emplacements were being knocked out at will by Jap flyers, who came over now in clouds of a hundred planes. People were being killed and injured by the hundreds in Singapore. In one raid, on January 21, 287 dead were reported, 529 injured.

It was not a silly bravery that kept us service wives in Singapore. Those—like Bette and Sarah—who had lost husbands felt that it did not greatly matter where they were so long as they could do a job, however humble, that might help those who were fighting. And those, like myself, who had husbands fighting not so far away wanted to be there when their men came out of the jungle for a rest, a bath, and—yes—a whisky-and-soda.

IF there was much dancing on the rim of the volcano that was Singapore in those final days, then I missed seeing it. I saw perhaps four couples—young naval officers on leave—dancing at the Raffles. I saw men sitting in the cafés eating—for they were hungry—and having a quiet drink over which they told their wives what had happened to them and to their friends who had been wounded or killed. I saw them sitting there talking quietly while the servant boys were huddled downstairs in the shelter and bombs burst uncomfortably close. Bombs—unless they were in bursting range of you—no longer mattered. These were men who in the past few days had been bombed and strafed in the jungles by Jap planes. They drank, quietly and soberly, with friends. They even got a little high, some of them. They'd earned that. But nowhere, at any time, did I see any man—though each of them knew he must go back to the stinking, hopeless hell of the Malayan jungle—become drunk or boisterous. Not even the civilians.

These, then, were the men that the Daily Express of London called "a pack of whisky-swilling planters and military birds of passage."

My husband was one of them. His regiment came back. He did not. I sought out his commander.

"Don't worry," he said. "He had eight good men and a sergeant with him. I promise you, he'll get back."

But I did worry. Of 800 men who had gone in at the same time as my husband, only 400 had come out.

The Battle of Malaya came to an end on the night of January 30. Less than a score of miles from the Johore Causeway, which separates the Malayan mainland from the Island of Singapore, the last tired and undaunted band of defenders held off the Japs while the Imperial Forces made an orderly withdrawal to Singapore.

I was at the causeway that night, seeking some word of my husband. I received none. Across the three-quarter-mile-long $12,000,000 granite causeway came the defenders of Malaya. Their numbers finally dwindled to a trickle.

Then came the men who had fought the dangerous rearguard action. Dirty, tired, wounded—but singing and laughing and waving to us as they marched back into Singapore. And finally, the men who first had taken a stand against the Jap, hundreds of miles to the north up Thailand way—the Gordon Highlanders, their bagpipes squealing a last lusty noise of defiance, piping over what was left of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who had been the first to bear the brunt of Jap invasion.

I did not find my husband. I did find a new measure of pride in these men who one day would pay back the Jap when the conditions of war might be more nearly equal.

SAPPERS, a short time later, placed their explosive charges. A great gap was blasted in the sixty-foot-wide Johore Causeway. And Singapore became a besieged city.

That was the last night I was to see Sarah. We sat, with Bette, talking, when the government official who was our employer telephoned.

"You must be ready to leave," he told us, "at two tomorrow afternoon. Three boats will be leaving. Take the one to Java."

"But I don't want to go," I insisted. "I must stay until I have word from my husband."

"I understand. You can think it over. You still have a choice."

BARNEY TOBEY

"Since you guys can't understand English, I can tell you a secret. My gun isn't loaded!"

I could not make up my mind. Sarah, who had neither husband nor children, was staying. Bette, who had learned of her pregnancy, had decided to leave the next day. Singapore, we all felt that night, could hold out indefinitely. Once the women and children were removed, it would be a compact little armed garrison. Enough water; enough food. A typhoid epidemic, perhaps, might sweep the island. But it would stand firm for many months.

I had a cousin in Singapore. He was an older man—an officer in the British Navy. I went to see him. I told him of my indecision, asked him what I should do.

"You must go," he told me. "Your husband's in the jungle. There's nothing you can do for him. He'll get out all right. You'll see. You've got to think of your child in America, too, you know. Better go while there's still time."

"I'll go," I told him.

THE ship Bette and I boarded had brought troops to Singapore that morning. It was ready, now, to take one hundred women and children away. When it finally sailed that afternoon, 2,500 women and children were aboard.

We were no sooner on our way than we learned that we were on the wrong ship. It was bound for Colombo. Our destination was Bandung, where Allied G. H. Q. was being set up. There was a chance, we were told, that the ship might stop in the roads off Batavia, and that perhaps we could be put ashore there.

The 610-mile trip from Singapore was an unpleasant one. There was constant danger of Jap attack by plane or submarine or raider. The waters were shark-infested. The weather, day and night, was sweltering. The little cabin into which Bette and I had been crowded with another girl from our office had no porthole. We traveled blacked out and were told to keep to our cabins.

Some very grim and aggressively moral ladies on the ship made other hardships seem light by comparison. They were the "lady executive" type who had not previously had the opportunity to regulate the lives of 2,500 rather miserable persons. They were big-bosomed and hatchet-faced, and they descended upon their self-imposed task the moment the boat slipped from its pier.

They organized what they chose to call "patrol committees." Around the decks they strode on their two-hour tours as gaunt guardian angels, snapping, "No smoking! Don't shine that torch!"

They decreed that all cabin doors must be left open at night. Once, one of them came upon a closed door and, after a period of careful eavesdropping, assured herself that the sounds of a man's—and a woman's—voices were coming from the closed cabin.

She hammered in outraged violence upon the door until it was opened. Inside was a man who had been given

Hello today!

WHAT'S the best day you ever knew? A morning in spring when you were just six years old? The day you graduated? The first time you knew she loved you? When you bought your first car?

No! It's today!

It's today, for young America, because—in spite of war—schools are better, homes are more comfortable and healthful, and the future holds more opportunity than ever before.

It's today, for grown men and women, because they're working and fighting for something worth while. They're learning again the real resources of America and the true strength of American manhood and womanhood.

They're finding that American industry which created things like the electric refrigerator, the radio, the automobile—and made these available to almost a whole people—can become a great weapon to defend the principles which have made America strong and free. They're discovering that the American standard of living has not made them soft, as less fortunate nations have sometimes sneeringly contended, but has given them added reserves of strength and knowledge and skill for a time of crisis.

There's only one day better than today.

It's tomorrow!

Because tomorrow we shall have established the principles for which we are fighting today. Because tomorrow we shall have new materials like plastics, new developments like television, new sciences like electronics to work with. Because tomorrow we shall return with new vigor and new vision to the task of making tomorrow better than today. General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

* * *

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-323M-211

permission to remain, during the voyage, with his seriously ill wife.

A mine sweeper took us ashore at Batavia. A train took us to Bandung. It was beautiful there. We lived in the Savoy-Homan Hotel because we could find nothing cheaper. It had tubular steel chairs, blue-tinted mirrors, a spacious lobby, balconies looking out upon breathtakingly beautiful mountains, and enough plate-glass windows to make Bette and me, who had been bombed, uneasy.

The climate was perfect, the Dutch hospitable and gracious, and there were flowers everywhere. It was, in short, a fools' paradise. Bette and I knew that the Jap would come soon.

We had not been working there many days when he did. There was an excellent shelter beneath the building in which we worked. Stolid Dutchwomen sat imperturbably near us. Some put little stopples in their ears so that their eardrums might not burst. Others simply put their fingers in their ears when a bomb came whistling down.

In Java I received news of my husband. He had come out of the jungle safely, bringing four extra men who had been cut off from their companies.

He had had an unpleasant time of it. Once, with his men, he had crouched under a trestle, with all but his head submerged, while a Japanese division marched over that trestle. A loyal Chinese planter had agreed to get him a sampan with which to escape from behind the Jap lines. The Chinese planter marched my husband and his men, in their British uniforms, straight through a Japanese-occupied town. Japanese were lying in the streets through which they marched. The Japanese, after an orgy of looting and drinking, had passed out.

My husband had not been wounded. My cousin, who brought me the news of him, said that he had literally walked his shoes off in getting back.

"Poor devil!" he said. "His feet were horribly sore, and he couldn't sit down, either. Had a thorn in his behind."

It seemed a funny thing to cry about, but I cried a little.

SINGAPORE—possessed of water for only another twenty-four hours—had fallen with what seemed lightning suddenness. It had taken a ghastly week of horrible shelling first. My husband was a prisoner. And now the Japs were making it hot for us in Java. We had been moved to Batavia, and one evening we were told that we were to take a ship leaving the next day for Australia.

We went to the harbor of Tanjong Priok to tell the captain of the ship that, as soon as we had procured the food we were supposed to bring with us, we would be aboard.

There was a Jap dive-bombing raid as we approached the dock. It was really nasty. Everything was flat about us as we flung ourselves on the ground, and some of the bombs came quite close.

We reached the ship. It was fifty years old, built of teak, capable of only seven knots. Part of the crew had deserted. The captain, an Englishman, had forced a fireman back to his station at pistol point. The ship was filled with members of the Royal Australian Air Force. It was leaving at once and there was no time for Bette and me to get food.

The captain was most decent. He turned his cabin over to Bette and put a cot in it for me. The Aussies shared their bully beef and biscuits with us, and the captain winked us, from the dining-room table, to his temporary cabin, where we would find little delicacies such as tinned asparagus and frankfurters.

We sailed through phosphorescent waters in complete blackout. Outside our stateroom the cheerful young Aussie flyers sang, at nights, in close harmony—and softly, lest they disturb us.

The toilet facilities were horribly inadequate and the whole ship smelled hideous. We were too tired to care.

THE captain had been ordered to pursue a zigzag course. Instead, he piloted his ship straight for Perth. Had he not disobeyed, we learned later, we would have been caught right in the middle of the big naval engagement in the Java Sea.

Only once did we have a scare. We sighted what seemed to be a raider. The captain, when the approaching ship with the built-up phony bow had swiftly cut across our bow, ordered all of the Australian flyers below decks in the hope that the raider would take us for a simple cargo vessel and let us pass.

The ship, which had sighted us, ran up a signal flag. She was American, the ill-fated seaplane tender Langley—sunk a day or so later, with her cargo of planes, as she approached Java.

When we reached Perth, the customs man there said to Bette and me, "I say, your ship smells a bit, doesn't it?"

We felt hurt. We had forgotten.

On the train from Perth to Melbourne we met an Englishman. He was the man who braved the shark-infested waters about Singapore, after it fell, to swim out into the harbor and obtain a sampan. On the sampan he and General Gordon Bennett, commander of the Australian forces in Singapore, had escaped. From the sampan they had transferred to a Chinese junk. When planes came, they hid beneath the sails. It took them four days to reach Sumatra, whence they obtained passage to Australia.

American troops were beginning to pour into Australia when Bette and I reached there. Into our headquarters, one day, came a tall, handsome American officer and his aide. The officer was General Douglas MacArthur.

In Australia we saw posters. On the posters was the background of the Rising Sun. In the foreground was a hideous fanged Jap whose clawing, bloodstained hands reached out toward the passer-by. A legend said:

He's Coming South!

HERE COMES THAT CATTY-PILLAR... SHE SWEARS ITS GENUINE MINK!

"Bette," I said bitterly, "that poster's wrong. It should show a smiling little fellow on a bicycle, wearing a Malayan sarong, waving with one hand and carrying his little bag of rice and a tommy gun in the other."

The day arrived when Bette and I had to decide whether to remain in Australia or go to America. In America, I felt, I would have as good a chance to obtain news of my husband, since — understandably — Australia would be concerned first with obtaining news of its own men captured by the Japs in Singapore. And I wanted to see my child.

We made the long trip without incident. In the Caribbean there were sinkings ahead of us and behind us. An albatross followed us—a good omen. We reached the Panama Canal without encountering a Nazi submarine. We disembarked in Canada, took a train to New York.

I went at once to see my son. Bette, who is to have her baby in August, may go back to England.

"I think," she said, "my child could be born in a life belt—and live."

NEAR Changi, in Singapore, where Bette lived, is a huge tree. When the raids first started, this tree towered so far above every other in the vicinity that it was a landmark. Planes used it to take bearings.

When the Jap flyers began to bomb Singapore, it was decided that the tree must come down. The husband of the woman with whom Bette lived was a sapper. He was assigned the task of demolishing it.

He prepared his charges of dynamite and collected his white helpers. They had to be white, for there was a a local legend concerning that tree and the Malayan natives refused to play any part in its destruction.

In the end, he did not destroy it. He did a thing more difficult. He climbed it with his men, placed his charges of dynamite, and patiently blew off the top until it was on a level with near-by trees. He destroyed the upper part, but not the deep, firm roots.

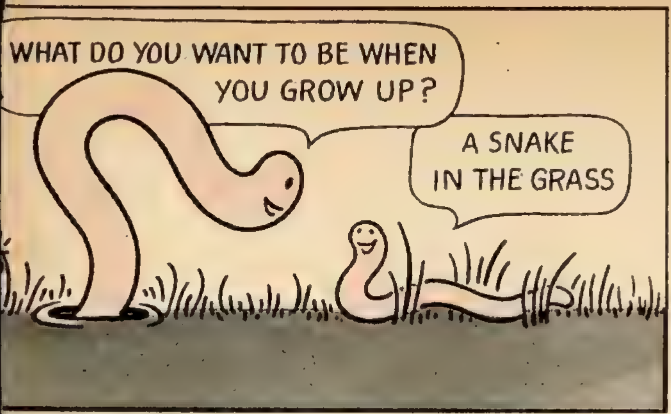
The Malayan legend held that if that tree were ever cut down, British rule in Malaya would be at an end.

I like to think today that the roots are still there, sucking—despite the blasting that tree took—new nourishment from the earth of Singapore.

I like to think that one day that tree may grow, high and proud, to tower majestically over Singapore soil again.

THE END

BY KATY


WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?
A SNAKE IN THE GRASS

DOCTOR . . . KISS ME!

Continued from Page 14

"You are not beautiful at all," he said gravely.

"I was more to blame than Bob." She was strangely like Jane, looking up at him. "We'd been quarreling for months. I was miserable, petulant. Because I hadn't wanted a second child." She paused. "Imagine not wanting Mittie," she said to herself wonderingly.

"Drink your coffee."

"They've gone on feeling sorry for me. 'Poor Fran,' they say. 'A young widow with two children'—"

"They say 'pretty young widow,'" he corrected her. "But you're not pretty, either. And yet, there's something in your face that haunts me."

"Is there?"

"Yes." He got up with an abrupt movement. "You're too much like Jane," he said.

"That's a funny way to put it. I should think you'd say Jane's like me."

"You're too much alike. Taking the responsibility for everything, blaming yourselves. Mittie looks more like you, but she'll never cry herself sick over spilled milk. You'll have to learn to control that awful conscience of yours—"

"Will I?" she asked meekly.

He bent over her, crushing her two hands in his. "I've got to go," he said harshly. "I'll see you again—before I leave town."

THE days were crawling tortoises. Monday. Tuesday. Wednesday. Finally it was Saturday. She listened for the telephone. She even called Mildred, but she couldn't ask what she wanted to know.

"How are the children?" asked Mildred.

"They're fine. Mittie cut her knee, but it's nearly healed."

"Did you have a doctor?" Mildred was alarmed.

"Dr. Yeager was here. He fixed it."

"Oh," said Mildred. "I suppose you've heard he's going into the army. Jim saw him last Thursday."

"I—guess they need doctors—in the army."

"Yes. Well, good-by, dear. Bring the children over."

"Good-by."

"Mother," asked Mittie, "do you hurt? Why don't you get Dr. Yeager to fix it?"

"It would be nice if he could," said Fran.

SATURDAY night she went to the movies with Bill Brewton. He held her hand all the time the lights were down. She thought, I might as well get back to my featherbed life. I must think of the children. I can't make a life for them; I'm not smart enough.

It was still early when they arrived home. Bill came in with her.

Fran lighted the living-room fire.

"Do you mind if I smoke my pipe?"

"Of course not."

Bill would smoke his pipe in the evenings, and she could sew or read. They wouldn't talk much, because they wouldn't have anything to say to each other.

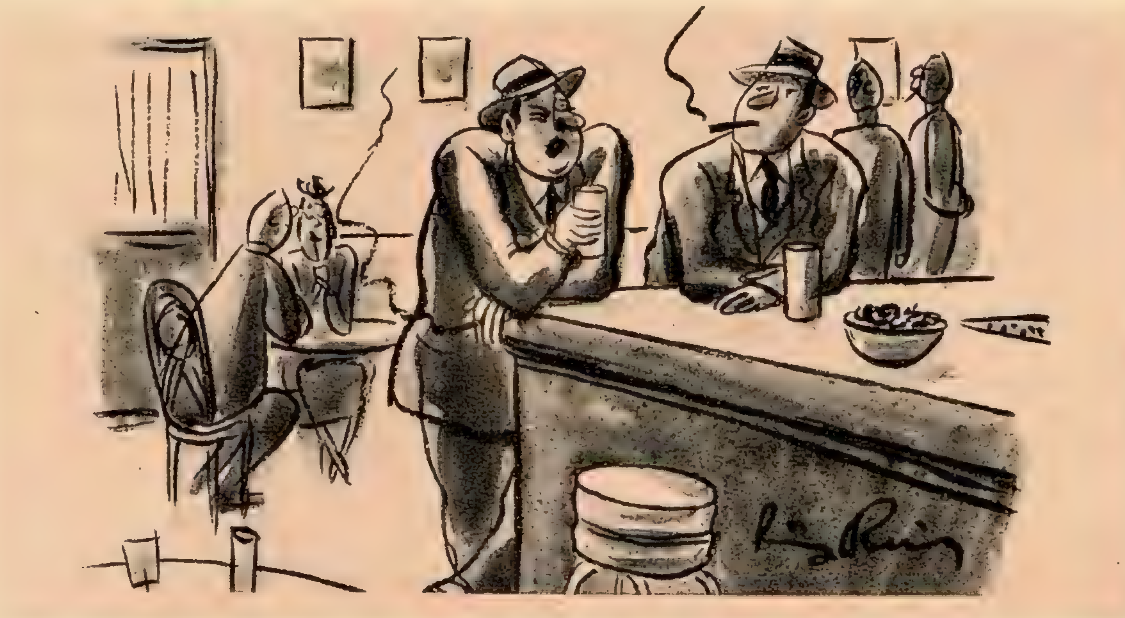
"Bill," she asked, "do you still want to marry me?"

"I wish you'd said that last week, Fran." An expression of acute distress came over his big pink face.

"I'd have been the happiest fellow in the world. I volunteered for the army—passed my physical exam today." His chest swelled a little at the thought of passing that stiff test.

"I wouldn't be in position to take care of you," he said with heavy earnestness. "It wouldn't be fair to you or the kiddies."

Fran laughed. Even the featherbed wasn't there any longer. She patted



"I always get drunk first, then I find a reason for it."

WILDROOT WITH OIL for the hair
3-ACTION
WILDROOT for the hair

Will your Scalp stand the Fingernail Test?

SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. Is loose ugly dandruff spoiling the good looks of your hair? Don't let it! Use Wildroot-*with-Oil.* The famous Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms without grease . . .

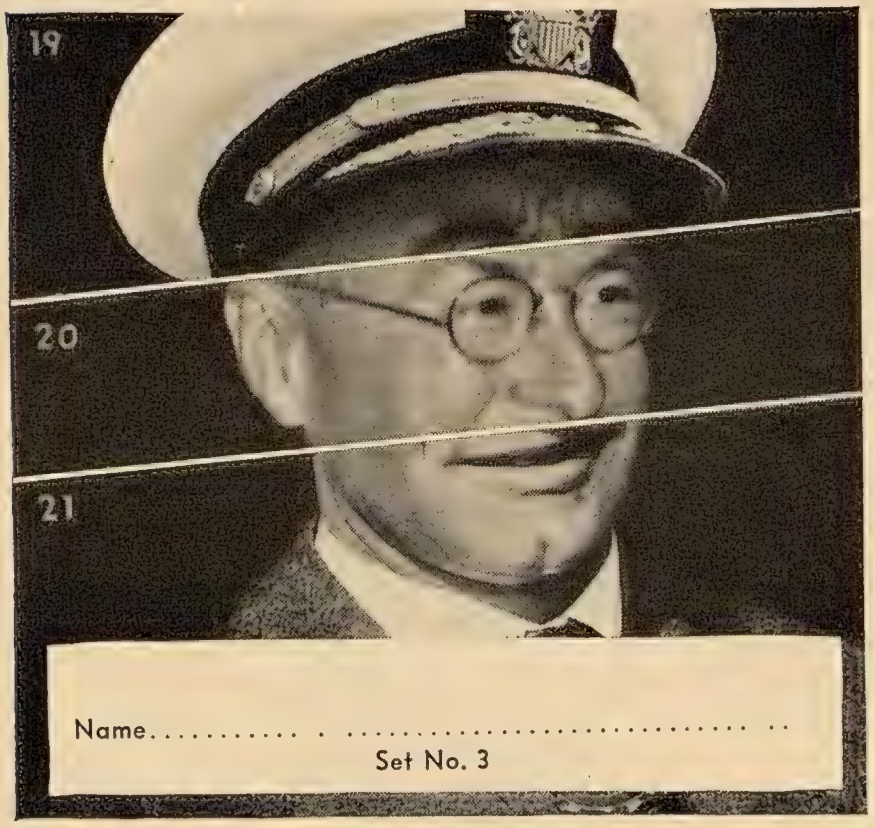
YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS if you get a bottle of Wildroot-*with-Oil* today! Its safe, powerful 3-Action grooms the hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff. Get a bottle today at your nearest drug counter. Available in four popular sizes. Also in Regular Formula (non-oily). Professional applications at your barber.

WILDROOT

3 ACTION WITH OIL

REGULAR FORMULA NON OILY

$5,000 WAR HEROES CONTEST



The forehead is of a father of six daughters and a son; the eyes and nose are of a native of Mark Twain's birthplace; the mouth and chin are of a former professional boxer.

HERE is the third set of puzzle pictures in Liberty's $5,000 War Heroes Contest! Have you started *your* set of winning solutions yet? Get in this fascinating identification contest at once—and one of those 237 attractive cash awards can be yours! Just reassemble these composite pictures in proper order, name the War Hero, and after you have the complete ten sets, send in your entry. Follow the rules carefully and you can't go wrong!

SEND FOR SETS Nos. 1 and 2. If you missed the first two sets it's not too late to enter now. Just write to the contest address in Rule 5, enclose ten cents to cover mailing and handling costs, and we'll send you reprints immediately! *Your chance to win is excellent!*

237 BIG CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
FIVE PRIZES, each $100	500
TEN PRIZES, each $50	500
TWENTY PRIZES, each $25	500
200 PRIZES, each $10	2,000
237 PRIZES	$5,000

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who have gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.

2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

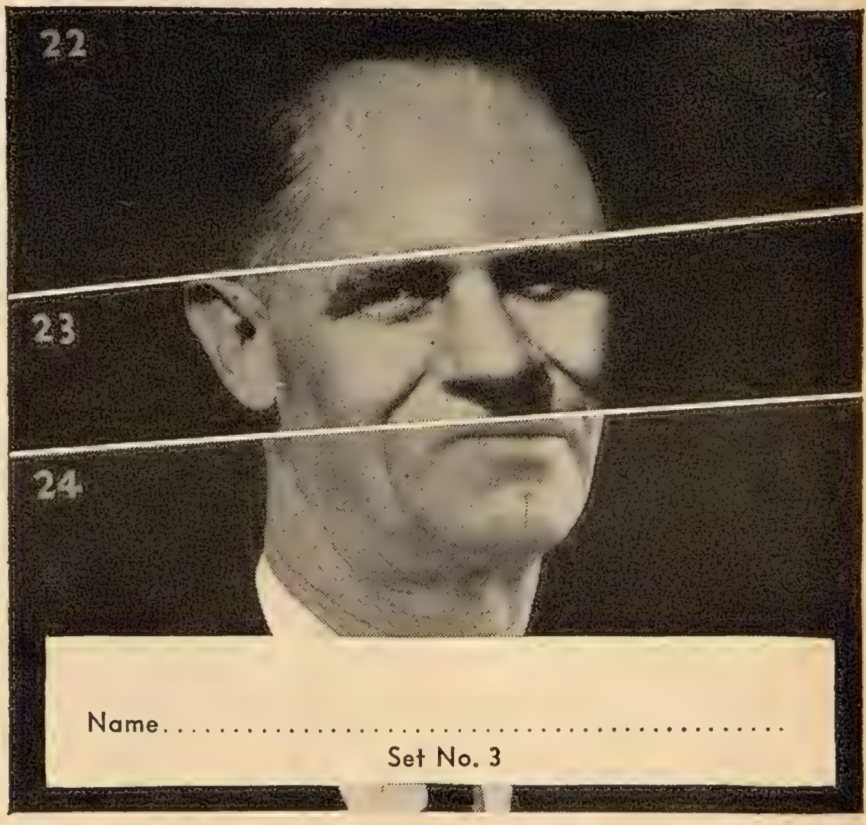
4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

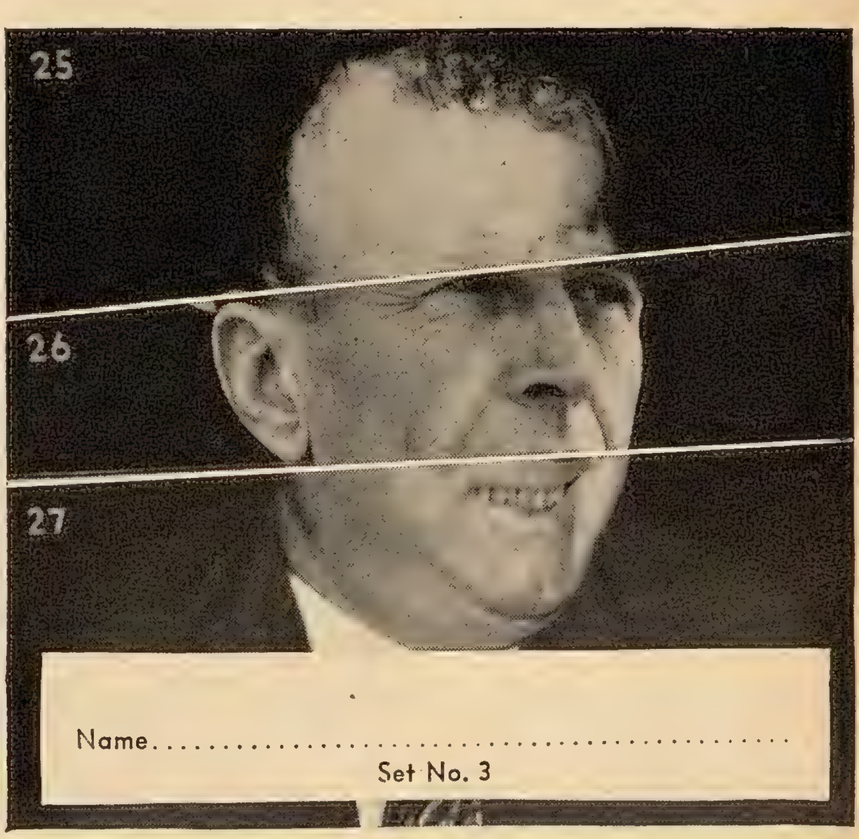
6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborately or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



The forehead belongs to a man who worked his way through college; the eyes and nose are of one called the only "admiral" in the army; the mouth and chin are of a railroad mechanic's son.



The forehead is of a famous speed pilot; the eyes and nose are of a man who raised a submarine from a depth of 130 feet; the mouth and chin are of a great pipe fancier.

MADE IN U.S.A.
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386-No. 2

You began it, Ethan Allen! Your bold stroke was the first American offensive. It was only a step from May 10, '75, to July 4, '76. Your stirring victory gave a great American Pencil a great American Name

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J7, Jersey City, N. J.

his hand. "It's all right. I was just talking. Forget it."

He held her hand lingeringly saying good-by. "If there's ever anything I can do, I hope you'll call on me—"

Mildred phoned. "Fran! Have you heard about Bill Brewton?"

"Yes. Isn't it grand?"

"I think he's insane," Mildred said crossly. "He wouldn't have been called for ages."

"Has Dr. Yeager gone yet?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Haven't you seen him?"

"No." She thought Mildred was pleased.

"Well, good-by. Bring the children over."

"Good-by." Fran looked at the telephone vaguely, as if wondering how it got into her hand.

FRAN was just out of the bath, on Sunday, when Jane came skipping into her room. "Doc Yeager is downstairs." She stared at Fran. "Mother, you look pretty."

"Jane, will you do a favor for me?"

"What?"

"Take Mittie out into the garden."

"All right." Jane smiled. "Mittie's not very sensabul, is she?"

Fran squeezed her and laughed briefly. How Jane loved that word!

A yellow dress or a black? She dawdled, trying to decide, then rushed into the yellow. Appleblossom scent or jasmine? Maybe he didn't like scent. She put down the atomizer and went downstairs.

Clem Yeager was in the living room. She looked at his gray tweeds. "Then you're not in the army yet."

"I was wrong," he said. "You *are* beautiful."

"It's a nice day, isn't it?"

"I was doing a piece of research." He spoke as if in answer to a question. "It was—they thought it was important, at the Medical Center. It's finished now and—they *need* doctors in the army. I'm waiting for orders."

"The lilacs are in bloom. Would you like to see them?"

"No. . . . It wouldn't be easy," he said, not looking at her. "You'd have to stay here until I know where I'll be stationed. Then you and the children could come, and we'd get a house. But of course I might be sent overseas rather soon, and you'd be alone again. Your allotment from my pay wouldn't allow for any luxurious living. It would be hard," he said carefully, "even for a fanatic like you."

"But you aren't afraid of asking me to do something hard?"

"I want you to consider all the facts."

Fran moved closer to him. "There's one fact I'm not quite sure of, doctor. . . . Kiss me."

He held her tightly. His kiss was hard and sure—but not asking, not demanding.

Fran drew a careful breath. "Jane," she called. "Mittie. Come here."

They stood in the doorway, hand in hand. Mittie giggled and pushed the red elf locks back from her face. Jane looked out of solemn dark eyes.

"Children," said Fran, "the doctor's going into the army. He wants us to marry him."

"Yes!" Mittie cried explosively.

"It won't be easy," said Fran. She glanced at Clem Yeager. "We'd have to wait here until he's settled, and then take a house near the camp. And army pay isn't much, and he'll probably be sent overseas and have to leave us behind—"

"What do you want to do, mother?" asked Jane.

"Darling!" Fran said softly. She reached for Clem Yeager's right arm and drew it around her. Then she snuggled her red head against his shoulder and smiled at her amazing elder daughter.

Jane smiled back, slowly, approvingly. "That's the most sensabul thing you've ever done, mother."

THE END

ANSWERS BY KAY KYSER

to his Crazy Quiz questions on Page 34

1—Soup. Cheese. Jello. Coffee.

2—(*a*) Wrong.
(*b*) Right.
(*c*) Wrong.
(*d*) Wrong.

3—Ann Sheridan. Mickey Rooney. Barbara Stanwyck.

4—(*a*) I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire.
(*b*) Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.
(*c*) Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals.

5—(*a*) Mary Livingstone.
(*b*) Portland Hoffa.
(*c*) George Burns.
(*d*) Molly.
(*e*) Ida.

6—(*a*) Basil Rathbone.
(*b*) Jay Jostyn.
(*c*) Ezra Stone.
(*d*) Fanny Brice.
(*e*) Ransom Sherman.

7—Dorothy Lamour. Priscilla Lane. Ellen Drew. Linda Darnell. Mary Astor. Hedy Lamarr. Rosalind Russell. Ann Rutherford.

8—(*a*) Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree.
(*b*) This Love of Mine.
(*c*) I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good.
(*d*) K-k-katie.

9—(*a*) An opera.
(*b*) A sports announcer.
(*c*) A quartet.
(*d*) A famous conductor.
(*e*) A way of cooking meat.
(*f*) Yes—Santa Barbara.

10—(*a*) Down by the Old Mill Stream.
(*b*) Yes, We Have No Bananas.
(*c*) Stormy Weather.

"Voice of the People"

WE'RE MAKING YOUR TRIBUTE OURS, SERGEANT!

Buffalo, N. Y.—While home on furlough I read the article on Captain Colin Kelly in Liberty of June 6. I would not detract anything from the heroism of Captain Kelly.

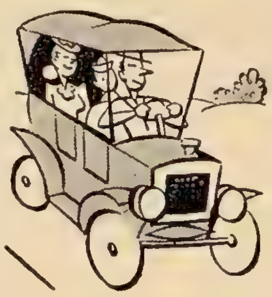
But nothing has been said of Corporal Meyer Levin, the bombardier who did the intricate calculating and then accurately sped the bombs to the destruction of the Jap battleship. Not only that, but Corporal Levin was using a bomb sight with which he was unfamiliar, for which he deserves especial credit.

He was a comrade of mine when stationed in Hawaii.—*Sgt. Sammy Krohn.*

OUT WHERE THE JUNKYARD IS A VETERANS' HOME

Freeman, S. D.—How amusing, the sentence in What to Do About Your Car in May 23 Liberty: "The '36 and older models in excellent mechanical shape are almost invariably sent to the junk dealers for old metal." This week I tore down and overhauled four cars of the following years: '36, '35, '38, and '29.

We live where mileage of a car is considered, not the age. The tires on most of these cars are good for another four years. Our farmers do their shopping and go to church Sundays. Five thousand miles a year is the average. So we don't clamor for the '40 and '41 models.—*Richard L. Waltner, Auto Mechanic.*



NORTH POLE OR SOUTH POLE, IT WAS A GALLANT DEED

New York, N. Y.—We all make mistakes, don't we? On Liberty's June 6 Vox Pop page you publish a letter from Norfolk Nowell in which that individual asks you if you ever heard of "that gallant gentleman of North Pole fame who, to save food for the rest of the little band, remarked: 'Just going outside for a moment, you chaps!'—and disappeared."

The fact is, this memorable act of gallantry took place near the South Pole. And the hero was Captain Oates, a member of Captain Robert Scott's expedition.

Oates was horribly frostbitten. He felt that he was a drag on the others, threatened their chance of getting back to the base camp.

Every night that Oates lay down to sleep he prayed that he would never wake up. Death would not come, so one morning he walked out into a raging blizzard and made his rendezvous with death.—*Edwin C. Hill.*

A COVER THEY CAN'T FORGET

Atlanta, Ga.—For conception, sentiment, and execution, the Colin Kelly cover of Liberty for June 6 has never been surpassed.—*F. A. Merrill, Georgia Sunday School Association.*

Ardmore, Pa.—Congratulations to Ralph Iligan and Liberty for the most beautiful and heart-stirring magazine cover of this war.

No written word can describe its effect nor take its place.—*A Sailor.*

New York, N. Y.—No cover page of any magazine has ever impressed me so deeply as Liberty's of June 6. It is a masterpiece of conception and execution. I marvel that an artist would dare to attempt it, since the slightest error of judgment would have made the picture maudlin, or even sacrilegious. Its restraint and breadth of suggestion are superb. — *Josephine Duvall, Director Writers' Committee, United China Relief.*

GLAD TO HEAR THAT, MA'AM

Chualar, Calif.—Perhaps Mrs. M. Towne of Laramie (June 6 Vox Pop) will be so good as to tell Liberty readers how the Japanese are going to obtain the necessary bombs, dynamite, blasting jelly, or what have you, to blow up the railroads and highways in the thinly settled states?

They are so closely watched now, they can't buy a stick of chewing gum without the knowledge of the F. B. I.—*Marka Johnson.*

THANK YOU, BOYS (SIGNED) PINQUETEA

Brooklyn, N. Y.—I demand a recheck for Pinquetea and myself on that quarterdeck question in May 30 Liberty. Every navy man knows the quarterdeck may be any portion of any deck of a naval vessel. I quote from United States Navy Regulations, Article 265:

"(2) The commanding officer shall clearly define the limits of the quarterdeck; this area shall embrace so much of the main or other appropriate deck as may be necessary for the conduct of official and ceremonial functions."

Incidentally, the answer to Question 15 of the same set is only partly right. For years the Navy "E" has been awarded to naval ships which win the annual competitions in engineering and gunnery and to gun crews and engineering force members concerned in winning the "E."—*Cliff Alderman, Editor, Our Navy.*

Dallas, Tex.—In June 6 Liberty we notice that No. 15 of Twenty Questions asks why the call letters on radio stations in the United States begin with either W or K, and the answer says that W represents stations east of the Mississippi, K those west of it.

Two Texans having positive knowledge of certain W stations in this area are wondering if you have moved the Mississippi. Keep 'em flyin'.—*E. G. Goad and J. R. Hays.*

WE DUNNO—MAYBE HIS MA DID

Omaha, Neb.—Anent your article concerning Hollywood Miracle Man, in May 30 Liberty, has any one ever approached sufficiently close to Mr. De Mille to call him Cecil with impunity?—*Lincoln R. Scafe.*

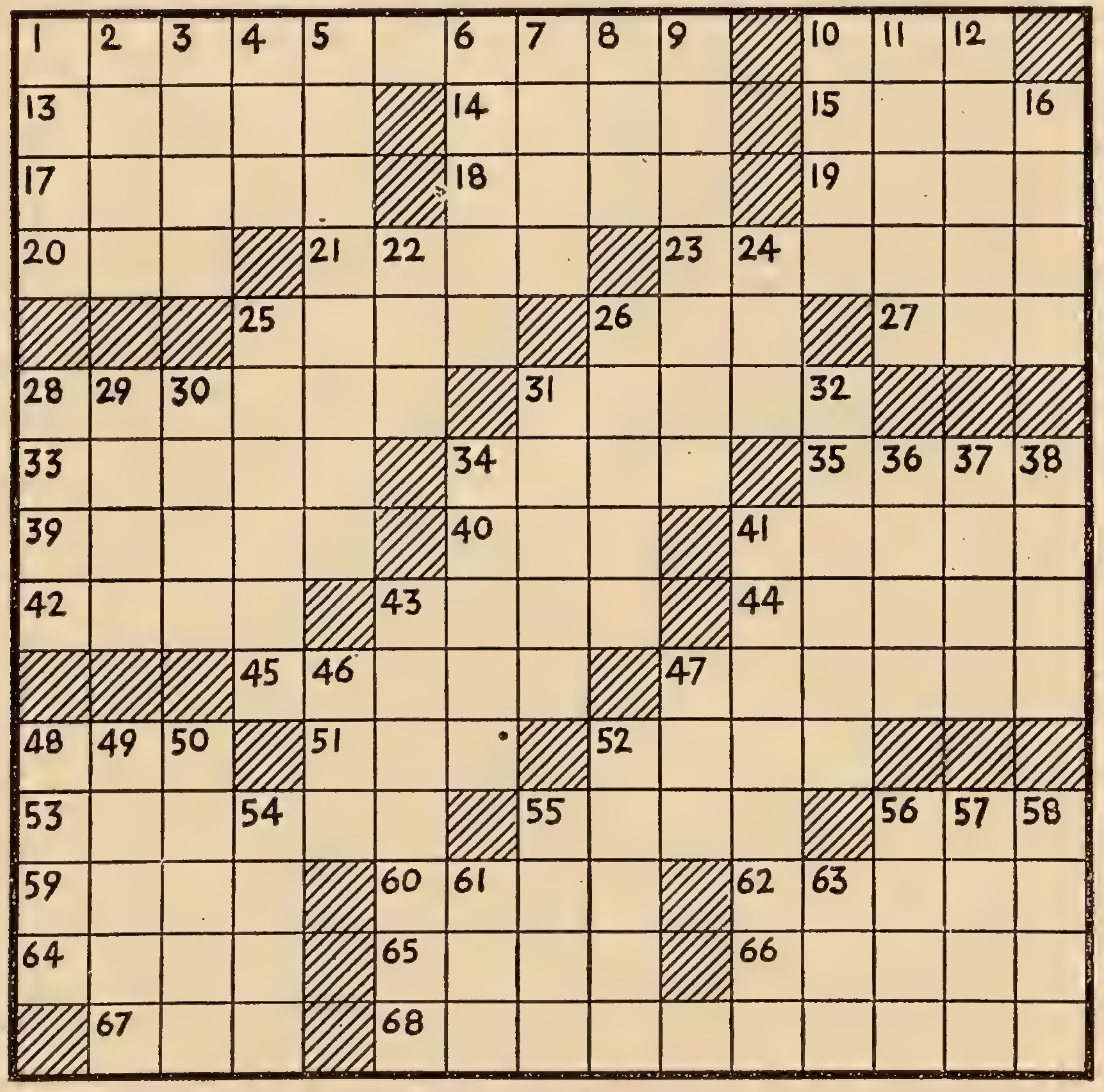
A GOOD WORD AND A GOOD NAME

Alameda, Calif.—Your Vox Pop people seem to have the knack of touching the spot—maybe because they draw inspiration from the best magazine published.

Why not call this "The *Win* or *Die War* of the *Twentieth Century?*"—*Nolie Simmons.*

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 A shot! Two screams!—followed by a commercial (two words, pl.)
10 Cause of eyestrain among men
13 What we'll all be in the year 2000
14 African golf balls
15 Noisy Irish pre-Nazi god
17 She was quite a chaser in her day, had a lot of bows, too
18 Here's a sticker for the French
19 A slap! Two screams!—followed by a trip here
20 Association of Ossified Mushpusses (abbr.)
21 Biscuit pants
23 Boy, these are wonderful if they taste like rubber!
25 With no gas, motorboats will have to grow these
26 Ovine burp
27 What the honest chemist couldn't tell
28 Favorite tropical haunt of seagoing song writers
31 Hamlet, when grown up (pl.)
33 Oak apple
34 22222
35 The pinch is on when a cop does this
39 Doghouses
40 Thing (Latin)
41 Sea where you can join the Jap navy at the bottom and work up
42 Just a bunch of old clucks
43 There's one for everybody in the Drama of War
44 All the world's one (thanks to the Axis)
45 Doesn't it beat the Dutch how they raise this?
47 Nipponesey
48 East end of a railroad terminal, usually shunned
51 Central Light & Heat Co., extremely low rates
52 Large knob, often needs twisting on many people
53 Bicycle with place for back-seat driver

G	A	B	S	■	A	R	E	N	A	■	E	M	I	T
E	L	A	N	■	V	E	N	A	L	■	M	A	R	E
M	E	R	I	T	E	D	■	D	O	N	A	T	E	D
■	■	■	P	A	R	■	P	I	N	O	N	■	■	■
F	A	T	E	D	■	D	A	R	E	■	A	T	O	P
E	V	E	R	■	P	A	N	S	■	S	T	A	L	E
M	E	N	■	H	A	T	E	■	L	E	E	R	E	D
O	R	■	R	E	L	A	T	I	O	N	S	■	F	A
R	A	K	E	R	S	■	E	R	O	S	■	N	I	L
A	G	I	L	E	■	F	L	A	T	■	B	O	N	E
L	E	N	E	■	B	E	A	N	■	F	E	T	E	D
■	■	■	G	A	L	E	S	■	P	O	T	■	■	■
R	O	T	A	T	E	D	■	T	O	P	I	C	A	L
O	B	I	T	■	N	E	G	U	S	■	D	U	P	E
T	I	N	E	■	D	R	O	N	E	■	E	P	E	E

Last week's answer

55 Sugar substitute found in spinach
56 50, 500, 100
59 He talks Turkey, is a big shot I must confez
60 Pretty soon we kick Hon. Nips here in this
62 Eye eye eye naughty naughty
64 People do things because they love him
65 Remove the meaning from an MS.
66 Iron pants
67 Common zizzer, has sharp teeth, eats through wood, leaves kind of dusty trail
68 Trump we all hold in stakes of Victory; you'll just have to get along with it for a while (two words)

VERTICAL

1 What many A-card holders will have to use for gas
2 Potpourri
3 The guy who started all this
4 Its superiority is being seriously challenged by the sword
5 Let's hope they ration the gas used in these
6 The World of Yesterday we'd like for Tomorrow (pl.)
7 Air vents in the rear end
8 He zeros the Zeros
9 Where youth has its ups and downs (pl.)
10 Little exit from the main body works
11 His mother, as in "Why can't you be like my mother, dear?"
12 A stand-out among diners at the Ritz
16 A smelly proposition
22 Wustic Waldorf
24 Beat the bottom of the young hide to improve
25 Collection of big wooden plants
26 A kick in the pants or pay check
28 Hitler's scepter
29 This gives me a big pain
30 Jerque
31 Jerque
32 Rendered the Bedoven's Symphony in A Flat on the bugle
34 Huffy-puffy the Steam Roller
36 Length times width
37 Richest thing on the Mississippi
38 Return to the original makers
41 A man from Up Yonder
43 The languid piper
46 What we'll get little of from the old jaloppy now
47 It just doesn't make sense
48 It takes two feet to make one
49 Pulls a Delilah on her Samson
50 Hoss-race Santa (Claused for the duration)
52 What this island has for the Axis
54 Drug
55 It reveals knee action on a lot of fancy models with nice paint jobs and shafts
56 Place in S. A. where they use the old bean
57 Here's an opening into the best drawing rooms
58 Hillbilly's gallus
61 If she's a scurpuss, would you call her a lemon?
63 I Ration Cards (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to soothe and refresh your eyes. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

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with good fiction and cartoons, with crossword puzzles and quizzes . . . . .
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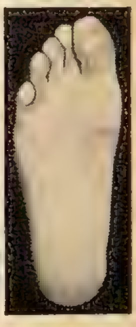
FLEA POWDER
—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢

ATHLETE'S FOOT
Stop It Quick With Dr. Scholl's
Look between your toes tonight. If they itch, or if the skin is raw, cracked, peeling, or covered with tiny blisters—watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi it contacts; helps prevent spreading. Liquid or Ointment. Only 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Department Stores.
Dr Scholl's SOLVEX



"—BUT DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER"

THIS IS AMERICA

THE RESTFUL TYPE. If she risked a dunk, it would probably cause a tidal wave, so this dainty beauty prefers to sit around and take the sun in her sarong.

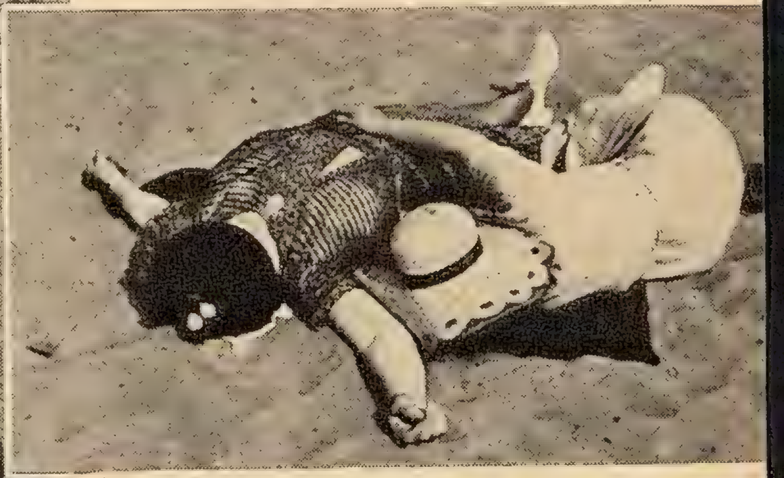
Beach hounds heed mother's advice to "darling daughter" and spurn the sea for the sand

NO, good people, these honest folk are not sardines from Sardinia, but amphibious New Yorkers who jam near-by beaches on week-ends, hoping to find relaxation, their kiddies when they get lost, and possibly the water.

Bright Sunday morning these sun worshipers throng the els, subways, and other Gotham Pullmans, ride in each other's laps, sit on each other when they get there—absorbing sunshine, hot dogs, indigestion, and a greater knowledge of their fellow men—and women.

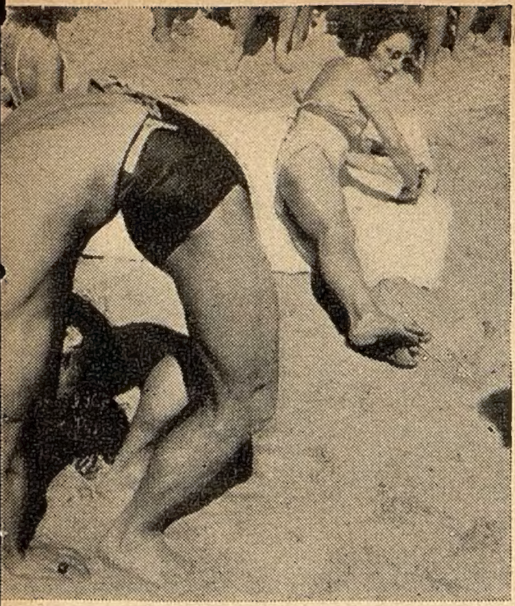
Liberty's very candid cameramen have snapped these sun snoozers, sand worms, perennial petters, and lastex lassies—to name just a few—who hang their clothes on the hickory limb but never insert their bodies in the waters of Coney, the Rockaways, Jones Beach. What if 3,000,000 souls prefer to cram themselves where 3,000 really fit? What if 2,000,000 of these never dunk the chassis in the cool and emerald sea? What if you never know whose hand you are holding? What if it is probably less exhausting to stay at home? It's all good clean fun. Or is it?

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY MAX PETER HAAS



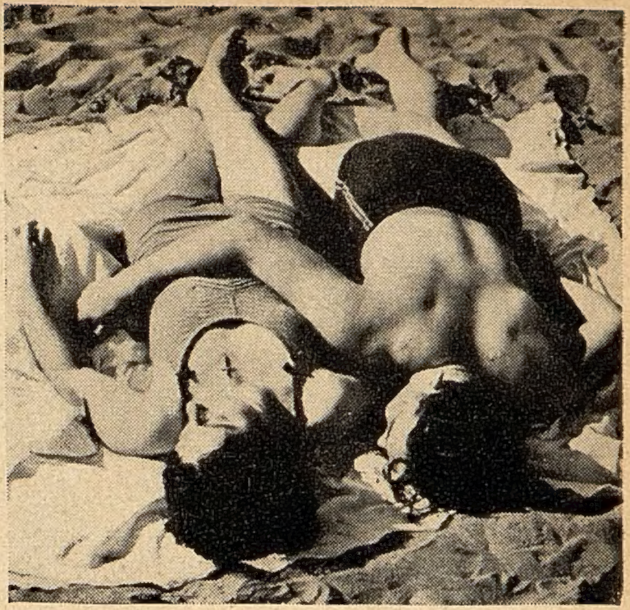
THE SENSIBLE SORT. Why climb into a bathing s
these two say. You only have to climb out ag

COOKING SCHOOL. S
side up is the order. Th
on the right is almost



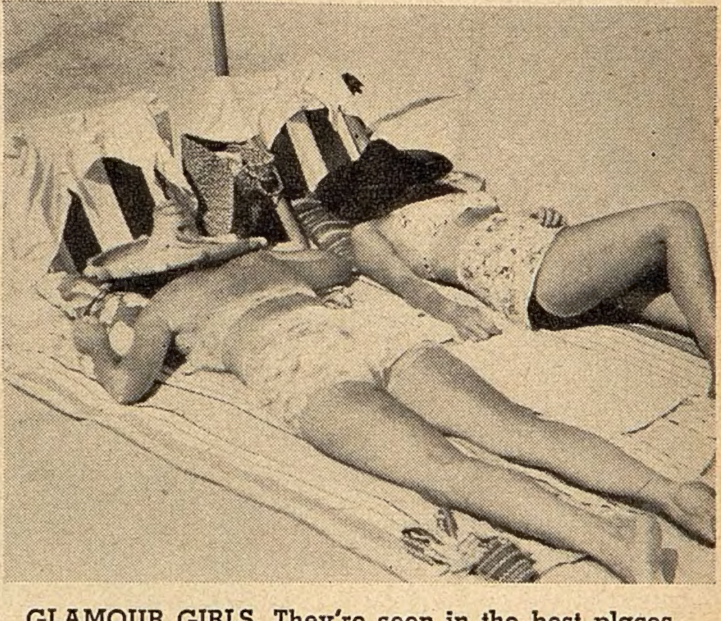
TARZAN. There's always a muscle
ho turns the beach into a gymnasium.

TIRED BUSINESS MAN. He dreams of a day when the Treasury will pay him income tax.



TWO SLEEPY PEOPLE. Down for the count of forty winks, he keeps his hold on her.

EUR BOYERS & LAMARRS. Sea air inspires
ce . . . so it's toujours l'amour à la cinema.



GLAMOUR GIRLS. They're seen in the best places.

JITTERBUGS. They wave hips at passing gents.

MAMA BIRD. She's married, so let it spread!

E BERRIES! Sat on
of the week, on Sun-
d is buried by Junior.

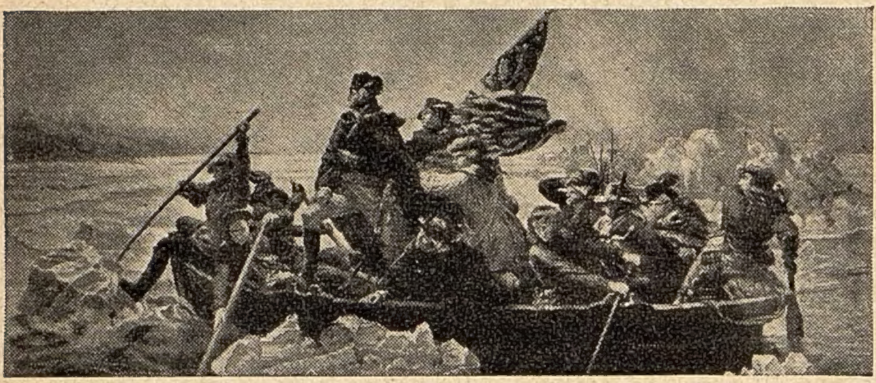
SLEEPING BEAUTY. Her face enticingly hidden, she waits for her dream prince to come.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

Liberty
UNITED WE STAND
HOW WE CAN LICK THE U-BOAT MENACE

THE MAGNIFICENT scattering of flags which you see on the newsstands this Fourth of July didn't just happen because a lot of magazine art editors chanced on the same idea at the same time. It was a patriotic conspiracy. We don't know who thought it up: if we did we should like to pay him or her tribute. But its sponsor (we hope we aren't telling a secret) was the National Publishers Association. The result of its suggestion is what now meets your eye when you go downtown—a unique and stirring display. There never was anything like it before, and Liberty is proud to have a part in it. It is significant of America, forgetting competition and self-interest, and pulling together in the war.

How much do you know about the history of your flag? This would be a good time to ask yourself. We were reminded about its birth date some weeks ago when we illustrated an article with a reproduction of the famous painting, Washington Crossing the Delaware, pictured again above. Promptly to Vox Pop came a letter: "I am not qualified to argue with the article, but I can punch a hole in the picture. Abaft of Washington is the Stars and Stripes. No such flag was in existence at the time. The flag carried by Washington's troops on that night consisted of thirteen stripes, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the space where the stars are now. The man who painted the picture simply forgot when the flag made of stars and stripes came into being."



Right or wrong? Well, as a matter of fact the Vox Popper was right. Washington crossed the Delaware on Christmas night, 1776. The Stars and Stripes became the national flag by Congressional resolution—*you* look up the date. We did—and learned about history from an artist's mistake.

LIBERTY'S PRIVATE CABLES from London, which you have been reading over our shoulders on this page, contain in a few sentences some of the most pungent and forward-looking comments we have seen. Here is one received just in time for this issue:

"While carefully and anxiously watching the battles in Libya and Russia, Britishers are thinking of, and some are planning for, the postwar period. People who are seriously concerned with the future of Anglo-American relations ask that Americans be explained to the people of this island. The daily appearance of American uniforms here drives home the fact that we speak similar languages, but our background, habits, and ways of thought are most different.

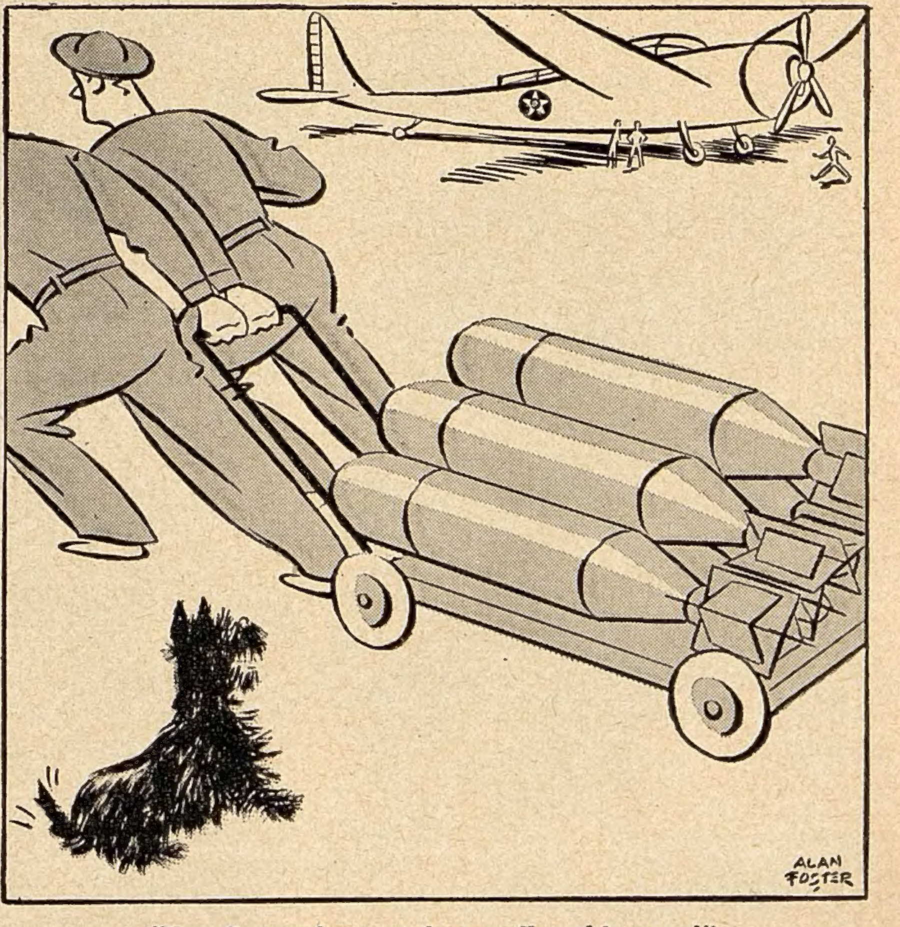
"Only an American information service can supply the need felt here at this moment. The British are eager to learn, realizing that unless we understand each other we will win the sorriest kind of peace. Each day that we delay setting up a service which superintends and fosters the distribution of documentary films, lecturers, facts and figures, and other material on the U. S. A., we run risks of serious misunderstandings."

THE STORY WHICH BEGINS ON PAGE 13 of this issue moves us again to mention a topic we've touched before. We don't know Fane Merriman Horton. She didn't go to school with the fiction editor or work on a paper once with any of us. No one introduced her and she had no special entree. She wrote Doctor . . . Kiss Me!, put it in an envelope, and mailed it to Liberty from her home in Denver. We liked it and bought it, and that is all there was to it—except, of course, for the customary inquiries one makes *after* deciding to accept a manuscript. Please note and ponder, you authors who think you haven't a chance because you have no editorial "contacts"!

SPEAKING OF AUTHORS, Lieutenant Allan R. Bosworth (page 18) is an interesting and versatile young man. He speaks with authority when he writes about navy blimps, for he is a Naval Reserve officer on active duty. But he is also—or rather was, before he volunteered—a prolific and successful writer of first-rate stories. When it was time for his article on blimps to be officially cleared, it developed that the Navy doesn't want its officers to write about naval subjects for profit. So the lieutenant proposed that Liberty donate the price of the piece to the Navy Relief Society, and the article was O. K.'d only on that basis. "I'm glad to do Liberty a favor," he writes, "and hope the donation will help some needy Navy family. . . . Now I suffer from itching fingers that long for a typewriter and stories to be told. Well, some day . . ." Some day, indeed! No doubt you know his book, Full Crash Dive, and no doubt you remember his fine story, You Always Remember, in our March 21 issue. War does things to a writing career.

The Editors

FALA



"Our firecrackers pack a wallop this year!"

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No ordinary snapshot, this one is crisp, sparkling, and full of sharp detail. The photographer who snapped it had his camera loaded with Agfa Ansco Film . . . the *only* film that is guaranteed: *"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"*

For your outdoor pictures this Summer, remember to use Agfa Ansco Plenachrome Film. Its extra margin of quality actually helps minimize many exposure errors! So, load up *your* camera with Plenachrome and see if you don't get better results! ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. 100 Years of Service to American Photography.***

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

to tackle the "NO MAN'S LAND" of the skies

UP...UP...UP...40,000 feet, and beyond! Where temperatures drop to −100° and below. Where strange things happen to motors and men. Where aviation experts hunt for the secret weapons of American air supremacy. Today, in special laboratories at Douglas Aircraft Company, engineer ace Tom Floyd brings altitude problems down to earth. But whether you tackle the upper air in a plane or in a test chamber on the ground, it takes steady nerves.

In every line of duty today—steady nerves are important. And if you smoke, mildness means more than ever before. Take a tip from engineer Tom Floyd—from the men in the service. Camel is their favorite.

8 MILES UP
104°
BELOW ZERO!

Engineer Tom Floyd (right) *and technician test bomber-controls in cold chamber*

BEHIND this hermetically sealed window *(below)*, engineer Floyd tests a new bomber-control in cold equivalent to 8 miles high. Too cold even to light up a Camel, but when the time comes, man, will that smooth, flavorful Camel taste good!

"CAMELS are 'standard equipment' with me," says Tom Floyd, taking off to check cold-room tests in actual flight. That goes for men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, too. Sales records show Camel the favorite.

FOR ALL OF US—in uniform or civvies—this is truly a "war of nerves." You may be smoking more than you once did. All the more reason to give extra thought to choosing your cigarette. Camel—the slow-burning cigarette—is the favorite. "They have the mildness that counts," says Tom Floyd *(below)*. Science gives you another angle *(see below, left)*.

FOR STEADY PLEASURE—THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CAMEL

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IMPORTANT TO STEADY SMOKERS:

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